

THE ANIMALS AT WOBURN—I. By FRANCES PITT (Illus.)

Nov 7 1941

# Country Life

On Sale Friday

OCTOBER 3, 1941

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# Country Life

VOL. XC. No. 2333.

OCTOBER 3, 1941.

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Adjoining Golf Course and Common Land. Occupying a magnificent position over 500ft. up, facing South and West with panoramic views for many miles.

BRICK AND TILE RESIDENCE erected about 5 years ago and stands approximately 40 yards back from the road. It is approached by a drive and practically surrounded by a belt of beech trees. The well-arranged accommodation comprises lounge hall, 2 reception, maids' sitting room, 6 bed and dressing (3 with basins), 2 bathrooms.

Central heating. Co.'s electricity, gas and water. Telephone installed. Modern drainage. Excellent garage.

THE GARDENS AND GROUNDS include some fine Terraced Gardens, Tennis Lawn, Kitchen Garden and Woodland.

ABOUT 4 ACRES

Golf at Ashridge, a few miles away.

THE FREEHOLD WOULD BE SOLD WITH LESS LAND

Further particulars of the Sole Agents: Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.1. (39,701.)



## WEST SUSSEX DOWNS

Adjoining extensive Pinewoods and close to two Commons.

AN ATTRACTIVE EARLY TUDOR FARMHOUSE in perfect order and containing entrance hall, 3 reception rooms, 4 bedrooms, bathroom.

Modern drainage. Estate water supply.

Stabling for 4 horses. Garage for 5 cars. 2 cottages.

DELIGHTFUL PLEASURE GROUNDS with kitchen garden, tennis lawn, orchard and paddock.

## ABOUT 8 ACRES FOR SALE FREEHOLD

Vacant possession will be given Golf Polo

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## WEST SUSSEX

500ft. up and commanding an unsurpassed view of the South Downs.  
TO BE LET UNFURNISHED

### THIS PICTURESQUE HOUSE OF CHARACTER

WITH MUCH OAK PANELLING, PARQUET FLOORS AND EVERY COMFORT.  
FULL SOUTH ASPECT FOR ALL PRINCIPAL ROOMS.

Lounge hall, 3 reception, model offices, 2 sun loggias, 9 bedrooms, 3 baths.

CENTRAL HEATING. ELECTRIC LIGHT.  
LODGE. STABLING. GARAGE.

INEXPENSIVE GROUNDS. HARD COURT  
TERRACE, SUNK ROSE GARDEN, WALLED GARDEN AND WOODLANDS, IN ALL

ABOUT 45 ACRES. RENT £400 p.a.



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### FOR SALE FREEHOLD LOVELY GEORGIAN RESIDENCE

COMPLETELY MODERNISED THROUGHOUT  
DRIVE APPROACH, 4 FINE RECEPTION, SERVANTS' HALL, 9 OR MORE BEDROOMS, 4 BATHROOMS,  
2 COTTAGES, GARAGE, OUTBUILDINGS.

CENTRAL HEATING THROUGHOUT.

CO.'S ELECTRIC LIGHT. WATER.

MOST CHARMING GROUNDS, MINIATURE PARK

IN ALL OVER 20 ACRES

IMMEDIATE INSPECTION URGED

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## ABERDEENSHIRE

Glorious situation, 700ft. above sea level.

### FOR SALE

### RESIDENTIAL AND AGRICULTURAL ESTATE OF 440 ACRES

comprising

ATTRACTIVE STONE-BUILT RESIDENCE  
ERECTED IN 1904 AND IN PERFECT CONDITION  
Hall, dining room, drawing room, billiard room, smoking room, library, 7 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms, 4 maids' rooms, exceptional domestic offices, outbuildings, garage and cottage.

The house faces South with extensive views and stands in well-timbered grounds of about 14 ACRES.

GOOD SHOOTING AND TROUT FISHING

The remainder of the Estate comprises 9 small farms, all in good heart and let to good tenants; stone-built farm buildings in fine order with ample water supply. Producing £428/17/5 p.a. Public burdens £81/15/5.

PRICE £8,500 FREEHOLD

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Delightful and convenient position between Beaconsfield and Taplow.

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### A MODERN RESIDENCE BUILT IN THE OLD-FASHIONED STYLE

WITH THATCHED ROOF AND Lych Gate. HALL, 2 RECEPTION ROOMS, 6 BED AND DRESSING ROOMS, BATHROOM, USUAL OFFICES, INCLUDING MAIDS' SITTING ROOM. ELECTRIC LIGHT AND WATER. CENTRAL HEATING. 2 GARAGES.

ATTRACTIVE GARDENS, INCLUDING TENNIS COURT, KITCHEN GARDEN, ETC.,

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IMPORTANT SALE OF THE OUTLYING PORTIONS OF THE

## LEES COURT AND NASH COURT ESTATES

IN THE COUNTY OF KENT

EXTENDING TO AN AREA OF OVER 3,000 ACRES

including

**FORESTERS LODGE FARM, DUNKIRK**, with superior farmhouse; ample buildings; 2 cottages. MAIN WATER. Arable and pasture land extending to about 210 ACRES.

**HARES FARM, SHOTTENDEN**.—A Dairy and Stock Farm with picturesque farmhouse; numerous buildings. Cottage. Well water. Arable and pasture land extending to about 69 ACRES.

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**BARBARY FARM, NORTON**, having old period farmhouse; range of buildings; pair modern cottages. Arable land extending to about 76 ACRES.

**SOUTH FORSTAL FARM, THROWLEY**, a useful arable farm with farmhouse. MAIN WATER. Ample buildings. In all about 80 ACRES.

**BELLS FORSTAL FARM, THROWLEY**, an excellent dairy and stock farm with superior farmhouse, good buildings, 4 cottages. Well water. In all about 264 ACRES.

**COPPINS FARM, MOLASH**, on main road with good farmhouse, excellent buildings. MAIN WATER. Arable and pasture land extending to about 114 ACRES.

**CHURCH FARM, MOLASH**, with attractive black and white farmhouse, buildings, and pasture land extending to about 53 ACRES.

**NEWHOUSE FARM, SHOTTENDEN**, having well built farmhouse; buildings. MAIN WATER and ELECTRIC LIGHT. Arable, pasture and woodland in all about 61 ACRES.

**BROOMFIELD FARM, THROWLEY**, with good farmhouse, excellent range buildings, cottage. MAIN WATER. Arable, pasture and woodland extending to about 188 ACRES.

**MONKERY FARM, STALISFIELD**, with brick and tiled farmhouse; ample buildings. MAIN WATER. Arable, pasture and woodland, in all about 256 ACRES.

**HEEL FARM, STALISFIELD**. An excellent arable farm with farmhouse, fine outbuildings, cottage. MAIN WATER. In all about 172 ACRES.

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**CHINEHILL FARM, MOLASH**, a compact holding of arable and pasture land with long main road frontage. In all about 40 ACRES.

A NUMBER OF SMALLHOLDINGS. WELL MATURED WOODLAND IN CONVENIENT PARCELS.

IMPORTANT MAIN ROAD GARAGE WITH COTTAGE. MANY POTENTIAL BUILDING SITES. NUMEROUS COTTAGES AND SMALL HOUSES INCLUDING SOME IN IMPORTANT POSITIONS IN THE TOWN OF FAVERSHAM. THE GREATER PORTION LET TO GOOD TENANTS AND PRODUCING A RENT ROLL OF OVER £2,500 P.A.

TO BE OFFERED FOR SALE BY AUCTION (IN LOTS) BY

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Particulars, Plans and Conditions of Sale may be obtained of Messrs. FARRER & CO., 66, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C.2.; or of the Auctioneers at their Offices, 41, BERKELEY SQUARE, LONDON, W.1 (Telephone: Grosvenor 3056).



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About 300 feet above sea level and close to many well-known Beauty Spots.

Secluded position South aspect

CHARMING MODERN HOUSE IN  
QUEEN ANNE STYLE



Hall, 4 reception, 9 bedrooms, bathroom.  
Main electricity and water. Central heating.

Capital Cottage Large Garage

Well timbered grounds with tennis and other lawns,  
kitchen garden, charming woodland walks, etc., about  
4½ Acres

FOR SALE FREEHOLD

Agents: OSBORN & MERCER (16,329)

### SALOP—CHESHIRE BORDERS

#### BEAUTIFUL ELIZABETHAN RESI- DENCE WITH CAPITAL DAIRY FARM

The House stands high on sandy soil with southerly aspect and has about 10 bedrooms, usual reception rooms, etc. Modern conveniences.

Cottages. Stabling.

Splendid range of Farmbuildings.

Attractive pleasure gardens, parklands, rich, well-watered pastures, in all about  
240 ACRES

LONG STRETCH OF TROUT FISHING

For Sale by OSBORN & MERCER. (16,755.)

### IN A KENTISH VILLAGE

occupying a good position facing South-east and commanding a pleasant outlook

#### AN ATTRACTIVE HOUSE OF CHARACTER In good order and quite up to date with

Hall, 3 reception, 6 bedrooms (3 with lav. basins)  
3 bathrooms.

Company's electricity, gas, and water.

2 Cottages Stabling

Delightful gardens and grounds, well matured and extending to about 1½ ACRES

For Sale by OSBORN & MERCER. (17,271)

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A FINE OLD HOUSE WITH SPACIOUS  
ACCOMMODATION AND AMPLE BUILDINGS

Ideal for evacuation

Hall, 3 reception, billiard room, 12 bedrooms,  
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All main services. Central heating.



Modern cottage, garages, stabling, and numerous excellent outbuildings.

Beautiful pleasure grounds, prolific kitchen garden, walled and other fruit, an area of pasture, the whole enclosed within a belt of woodland, ensuring complete privacy.

FOR SALE WITH ABOUT 20 ACRES

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AGRICULTURAL INVESTMENT COMPRISING

RESTORED ELIZABETHAN FARMHOUSE, COTTAGE  
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230 ACRES

APPROXIMATE INCOME £470 PER ANNUM

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A VALUABLE STOCK-RAISING FARM

WITH STONE-BUILT RESIDENCE, COTTAGES AND EXTENSIVE  
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OVER 400 ACRES

FOR SALE FREEHOLD

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#### HAMPSHIRE & WEST SUSSEX BORDERS

WITHIN EASY REACH OF THE COAST AND A LARGE CITY.

AN IMPORTANT AGRICULTURAL AND SPORTING ESTATE OF 1,292 ACRES

Including

NEARLY 800 ACRES OF STANDING TIMBER

(MIGHT BE SOLD SEPARATELY.)

THE IMPOSING MANSION, AGRICULTURAL HOLDINGS AND 21 COTTAGES, ARE LET AND PRODUCE AN

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FOR SALE PRIVATELY ON ATTRACTIVE TERMS.

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Between Berkhamsted and Chesham.

700FT. UP ON CHILTERN HILLS.

TO BE LET UNFURNISHED FOR DURATION OF WAR

AN OLD BLACK-AND-WHITE FARMHOUSE

MODERNISED AND IN EXCELLENT ORDER. MAIN ELECTRICITY AND  
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7 BEDROOMS, 4 BATHROOMS, 4 RECEPTION ROOMS, GARAGE, ETC.

CHARMING GARDENS OF ABOUT 2 ACRES

RENT £400 PER ANN. (inclusive of Rates)

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**THE MANOR HOUSE, THROAPHAM**  
FOR SALE BY PRIVATE TREATY  
the above charming Country Residence  
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THE ONLY COMPLETE  
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### 40 MILES LONDON

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Full of old oak, etc., but completely modernised with MAIN WATER AND ELECTRICITY AND CENTRAL HEATING. 5 bed, bath, 3 rec. rooms. Garage. GARDEN AND KITCHEN GARDEN. **£2,750 OR RENT £200 PER ANNUM.**

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### HANTS BERKS BORDERS

£3,400 WITH 88 ACRES



#### PICTURESQUE MODERNISED FARMHOUSE

In excellent order. Brick, flint and thatched roof. 4 bed, bath, 2 sitting rooms. Good buildings with accredited cow house. The land is half excellent pasture, half fertile arable with long main road frontages and the whole forms a **PRETTY AND PRODUCTIVE SMALL FARM.**

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8 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 3 reception. All main services. Large garage and useful outbuildings. ATTRACTIVE WALLED-IN GARDENS.

**ABOUT 2 ACRES FREEHOLD £4,500**

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Adjacent old-world villages. Views of South Downs.

8 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms. Main electricity and water. Central heating. Garage. Pretty cottage and outbuildings. MATURED GARDENS WITH STREAM.

**ABOUT 6 ACRES. TO LET FURNISHED OR POSSIBLY SOLD**

Personally recommended by RALPH PAY & TAYLOR, as above.

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SPECIALISTS IN THE DISPOSAL OF COUNTRY ESTATES AND HOUSES

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### CLOSE TO FAVOURITE HERTFORDSHIRE GOLF COURSE

On gravel soil, 350ft. above sea level, facing South.

NEAR ST. ALBANS. 15 MILES  
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A MOST ATTRACTIVE MODERN  
RESIDENCE OF CHARACTER

Lounge hall, 2 reception, 6 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms,  
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Garage.

LOVELY GARDENS WITH FINE YEW HEDGES

**1 ACRE. FOR SALE FREEHOLD**



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Near Petworth and Midhurst.

**ENCHANTING TUDOR FARMHOUSE**  
CAREFULLY MODERNISED. IN LOVELY SETTING  
AMIDST GLORIOUS UNSPOILT SCENERY

3 reception, 4 bedrooms, bathroom.

Stabling. Garage for 5 cars.

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DELIGHTFUL OLD WORLD GARDENS, ORCHARD  
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**8 ACRES FREEHOLD**

JUST IN THE MARKET FOR SALE.

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DESIGNED BY EMINENT ARCHITECT

3 reception, 8 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, staff sitting room.

Central heating. Basins in bedrooms. All main services.

Double garage.

ATTRACTIVE GROUNDS WITH PRIVATE GATEWAY  
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**1½ ACRES FREEHOLD £5,950**

A property of exceptional merit, strongly  
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Convenient for Andover and Salisbury.

**A WELL EQUIPPED MODERN LABOUR-  
SAVING HOUSE**

2 reception, 4 bedrooms, bathroom.

Central heating. Company's water. Modern drainage and  
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Garage for one car.

INEXPENSIVE GARDEN AND GRASSLAND

**ONLY £1,750 WITH 20 ACRES**

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WITH EVERY LABOUR-  
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DEVICE THAT MODERN  
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MAIN WATER AND ELECTRICITY  
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SECLUDED GROUNDS SCREENED  
BY FINE TREES, WIDE LAWNS,  
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FORMAL GARDENS.

IN ALL  
ABOUT 2½ ACRES

TO BE SOLD FREEHOLD

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Horley Station (main line) 1¼ miles.

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IN ALL ABOUT 3 ACRES.

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334 ACRES

**ELIZABETHAN MANOR HOUSE.** 5 reception rooms.  
12 bed and dressing rooms. 3 bathrooms. Electric  
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property. The home farm of about 300 acres is let at  
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Between Westerham and Sevenoaks.

**TO LET UNFURNISHED LARGE OLD-  
FASHIONED RESIDENCE BUILT ABOUT 1880**  
**OF KENTISH RAGSTONE.** Lounge hall, 4 reception  
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Suitable for a school or institution. **REASONABLE**  
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#### WAR DAMAGE INSURANCE

HAS NO DOUBT VERY WISELY BEEN EFFECTED BY NUMEROUS HOUSEHOLDERS  
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Only 14 miles from Town in a pretty woodland setting adjoining a golf course with gate  
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#### HOUSE OF OUTSTANDING CHARACTER

WITH ALL MAIN SERVICES, CENTRAL HEATING, PANEL OAK DOORS, etc.  
Square hall, lounge 25 x 16, dining room, 5 bedrooms, 2 fine bathrooms, maids' sitting  
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PRETTYLY WOODED WITH VARIETY OF TREES AND SHRUBS, LARGE  
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PRICE FREEHOLD £4,500

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Hertford 8 miles, Knebworth 5 miles, Hitchin and Hatfield 10 miles, London 28 miles.

WITH VACANT POSSESSION

The Freehold Residential  
and Agricultural Estate

KNOWN AS

#### BENINGTON PLACE

COMPRISING

THE XVIIIth CENTURY  
RESIDENCE



BENINGTON PLACE

CONTAINING  
LOUNGE HALL, 4 RECEPTION ROOMS  
15 BEDROOMS, 5 BATHROOMS.

GARAGES.

STABLING FOR 10.

4 COTTAGES.

GROUND AND PARKLANDS.

2 EXCELLENT MIXED FARMS

KNOWN AS

BENINGTON PARK FARM  
& WALKERN PARK FARM

and 2 attractive Secondary Residences known as THE OLD HOUSE, Benington, and PARK COTTAGE, Benington



THE OLD HOUSE, BENINGTON.

EXTENDING IN ALL TO

APPROXIMATELY

881 ACRES

Will be offered for SALE by AUCTION as  
a whole, or in Lots (unless previously Sold  
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HOTEL, HERTFORD.

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Particulars, plans and conditions of Sale  
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Messrs. GWILLIM PORTER AND LONG,  
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GAMEKEEPER'S COTTAGE.

23, MOUNT STREET,  
GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON, W.1.

## WILSON & CO.

Telephone :  
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URGENTLY REQUIRED BY CLIENTS OF WILSON & CO.

### WANTED

TO PURCHASE IN BERKS, BUCKS, OXON, HERTS.  
A GOOD TYPE OF HOUSE (PREFERABLY OLD)  
WITH 7-9 BEDROOMS AND 5 TO 25 ACRES.

UP TO £8,000 WOULD BE PAID

AND ANY SUITABLE PROPERTY INSPECTED AT  
ONCE.

Details to "H." 23, Mount Street, W.1.

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A REALLY ATTRACTIVE PLACE IN SURREY,  
SUSSEX, HANTS, WITHIN 50 MILES. HIGH UP  
WITH GOOD VIEWS ESSENTIAL. 12-15 BEDROOMS,  
AT LEAST 3 BATHROOMS. 3-4 COTTAGES. GOOD  
GARDENS AND PARK OF 50-100 ACRES.

£20,000 PAID FOR RIGHT PLACE

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WEST COUNTRY, UP TO 3 HOURS LONDON.

A SPORTING ESTATE OF 500 TO 1,500 ACRES.  
STONE-BUILT HOUSE PREFERRED, ABOUT 15  
BEDROOMS, AMPLE BATHROOMS.  
MUST BE UP TO DATE.

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*Lovely rural position. Near several golf courses.*

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(EARLY GEORGIAN) IN FAULTLESS ORDER THROUGHOUT AND FITTED  
WITH EVERY CONVENIENCE. ON TWO FLOORS ONLY. 10 BEDROOMS,  
5 BATHROOMS, HALL, 4 FINE RECEPTION ROOMS, STABLING, GARAGE,  
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EVERY MODERN CONVENIENCE. STABLING. GARAGES. 3 COTTAGES.  
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15th, 16th, 17th and 18th OCTOBER

*Following the Sale of the Estate and the requisition of the Mansion, and by permission of  
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WOOLLEY & WALLIS, acting in conjunction with GRIBBLE, BOOTH AND  
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Splendid garage accommodation. Well-  
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Attractively designed and superbly con-  
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RESIDENCE in 2 ACRES of grounds with  
tennis lawn; 3 reception, 5/6 bed, bathroom  
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completely modernised, electrically equipped,  
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Delightful OLD-WORLD RESIDENCE.  
4 reception, 6/7 bed, 2 bathrooms. Fully  
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Lovely old grounds and meadowland. Nearly  
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Model offices. Coy.'s services. Garage. 3 cars  
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Picked position with glorious views. Cost  
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Any good district entertained but preference  
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room, 5/7 bed (fixed basins), bathroom (h/c);  
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Small furnished country HOUSE. 2  
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conveniences thoroughly modern.—Apply,  
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Good stabling and garage. Productive garden.  
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Standing back on a quiet road and facing due South, recently completely overhauled and ready to walk into.

It contains: sitting hall, 3 reception rooms, 6-7 bedrooms, most with basins and fitted cupboards, 2 bathrooms, heated linen cupboard. Up-to-date offices with servants' sitting room.

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GARDENER'S COTTAGE. 3 GARAGES. GROUNDS OF ABOUT 2½ ACRES. PARTLY WALLED TENNIS COURT. KITCHEN GARDEN.

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LOVELY VIEWS

### THIS SPLENDID MODERN HOUSE (NEAR A 'BUS ROUTE)

WITH 3 LARGE RECEPTION ROOMS, 5 GOOD SIZED BEDROOMS, 2 WELL FITTED BATHROOMS, GARAGE, ETC.  
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**DELIGHTFUL GARDEN AND WOODLAND OF ABOUT 2½ ACRES**

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Full details from the LETTING OFFICE,  
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A GENUINE TUDOR  
RESIDENCE

CAREFULLY MODERNISED, HAVING OAK BEAMS AND A NUMBER OF ORIGINAL OLD OAK FLOORS AND DOORS.

7 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms, flower room, lounge hall, exceptionally well arranged and fitted domestic offices.

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MAIN WATER. ELECTRICITY.



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Partly walled garden in old world style with dwarf walls, crazy paving, yew hedges, herbaceous borders, croquet and tennis lawns and pond. There is a well planned and stocked kitchen garden, also fruit garden. Excellent paddock.

THE WHOLE EXTENDS TO AN AREA OF ABOUT

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PRICE £6,750 FREEHOLD  
OR THE RESIDENCE AND  
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EXCELLENT FREEHOLD FARM FOR INVESTMENT AND  
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NEAR WAKEFIELD, YORKSHIRE

FIRST-CLASS DAIRY AND CORN FARM WITH ATTRACTIVE FARM HOUSE  
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122 ACRES

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Now being run as an exceedingly successful Hotel, but early possession  
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30 BEDROOMS. SEVERAL FITTED BATHROOMS.

FINE SUITE OF RECEPTION ROOMS.

SPACIOUS AND ELABORATELY PANELLED MUSIC ROOM.

OAK PANELLED HALL.

COMPLETE OFFICES.

STABLING. GARAGES.

BEAUTIFUL GROUNDS OF ABOUT 50 ACRES

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THIS CHARMING MODERN

## FREEHOLD RESIDENCE

having southern aspect and in good  
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9 PRINCIPAL AND SECONDARY  
BEDROOMS (having running water  
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2 BATHROOMS.

LARGE PLAYROOM.

3 RECEPTION ROOMS.

MAIDS' SITTING ROOM.

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CENTRAL HEATING.

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WATER AND DRAINAGE.

Garage and Stabling.

Matured Gardens  
and Grounds,

including lawns, kitchen garden, tennis  
court; the whole extending to an area  
of about

1 ACRE

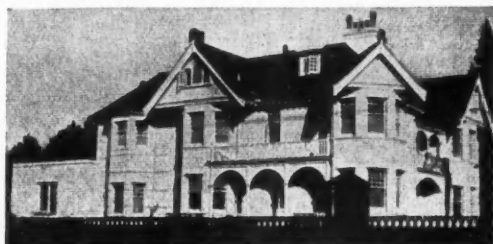
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THE GARDENS AND  
GROUNDS

are of unusual charm and character and are a special feature of the property. They are tastefully designed with Alpine rockery, lily garden (designed and laid out by R. Wallace and Co., Tunbridge Wells), herbaceous borders, beautiful shady walks, shrubberies and a rhododendron avenue, rose garden; natural miniature lake and boathouse, artistic summer house; full-sized croquet lawn, bordered by clipped yew hedges; walled kitchen garden, etc.; the whole extending to an area of just over

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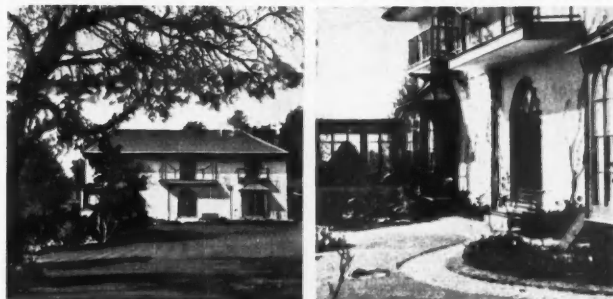
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## THE WORLD OF THE FUTURE



■ The mechanical terrors of this war are so widespread that one is tempted to believe that Science has given itself completely to the service of destruction.

But if we think again, we find that even in this concentration on destruction there is much that will live to benefit mankind when this war is over.

The brains, the time and money now devoted to making the bomber a fearful and grim instrument of terror, will serve to improve the safety and speed of the air liners of the future travelling on their voyages of peace and mercy.

The inventiveness which has improved the tank will help to

make for better tractors and motor cars. The constant research in wireless, now so speeded up by war's necessities, makes us conscious that Science has, so far, presented us with only a very rough sketch of the possibilities of radio. The finished picture—radio and television co-operating—will be a colourful masterpiece, bringing education and entertainment far beyond the realms of our imagination.

The new knowledge which doctors are now acquiring

in healing and mending the wounds of war will help to relieve the pain and suffering of generations to come: and the suffering endured now with such fortitude will be an inspiration to those who come after.

When we think of the evil forces which are challenging our race, we can reflect with pride on the united effort we are making for victory. Then out of this spurred effort will also come a great impetus to scientific progress after the war—an impetus which will give to a Britain at peace, better health, better homes, a better standard of living and a happier life for all.

*Pears*

RENOWNED AS THE LEADING TOILET SOAP SINCE 1789



# COUNTRY LIFE

OCTOBER 3, 1941



LADY MARY BERRY

*Harlip*

Lady Mary Berry, who is the only daughter of the Earl and Countess of Brecknock, was married last year to Flight-Lieutenant the Hon. Oswald Berry, R.A.F., fifth son of Lord Kemsley and the late Lady Kemsley

# COUNTRY LIFE

## EDITORIAL OFFICES:

2-10, TAVISTOCK STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.2  
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## GREEN AND PLEASANT LAND?

**L**ORD REITH, speaking at the luncheon given by the Town and Country Planning Association, as good as gave an assurance that, when policy is formulated, planning will be carried out on a scale never before dreamed of in this or any other country. But before actual physical plans can be even foreshadowed, the nation's policies for agriculture, industry, transport—indeed, for its function within the whole Commonwealth of Nations—must have been at least broadly determined. Of course there is need for rapid action, unless we are to be caught as unprepared for peace as we were for war—with even more disastrous results. But there is yet greater need for intensive thought, discussion, and prospection of the fields that national planning must comprehend, before the physical framework of the plan can be devised. Much had already been done, officially and unofficially, before the war, and the majority of the public are by now at any rate convinced that planning is a vital necessity. There are, however, some who still mistrust "experts" and "planning," apparently regarding them as antagonistic to the countryside we all love. Readers of the articles already published in our series *Green and Pleasant Land*, by Mr. Clough Williams-Ellis and Dr. Dudley Stamp, and of Mr. F. J. Osborn's illuminating contribution in this issue, will surely realise at length that the purpose of planning now is precisely to safeguard the country as we know it by preventing the chaos that has spread since the end of the last war from engulfing it entirely. And, as Lord Reith emphasised, to strengthen and inspire the existing democratic local authorities so to act, not to create a dictatorship of *Gauleiters*. But to achieve that, enlightened public opinion needs to be directed to the problems involved. To help to bring this about is the purpose of these articles.

## WAR CONTRACTS AND CONTRACTORS

**C**ORNERS of the curtain of secrecy veiling the Government's building operations, in housing and war factories, are lifted from time to time. They reveal widespread and intense activity, not always, unfortunately, along lines that would commend themselves in peace-time. Huge factories have been dumped where war-time efficiency dictated, and not always with complete discrimination for that, let alone for peace-time planning. In many cases new accommodation for thousands of operatives is having to be built simultaneously. With the severe limitations in materials, and the building industry reduced to about 50 per cent. of its normal strength, struggles are going on, it can well be imagined, of which the public at present knows little. Whitehall, for instance, has a perhaps inevitable preference for dealing with large, nation-wide firms of contractors, a policy which in practice may threaten the very existence of smaller but old-established local firms of builders. It is these who train most of the skilled operatives in the building trade, and, with their smaller overheads, more compact organisation, and facilities for close oversight, can sometimes make lower tenders and execute better work more expeditiously than a firm with many millions of pounds of contracts

already in hand. Recent investigations which have revealed builders producing fraudulent pay-rolls of employees, in order to secure contracts, suggest the lengths to which the struggle is going. Yet, the smaller concern is the backbone of the industry, and it is difficult to feel some disquiet on its behalf.

## THE LORD WARDEN

**M**R. CHURCHILL'S appointment by the King to be Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports is perhaps the only honour that can fittingly be conferred on so great a man at this crisis of Britain's history. Signifying so little, it symbolises so much: the most ancient office associated with the defence of the realm, held in the past by men whose names have made the history of England from Edward Earl of Chester, afterwards King Edward I, to William Pitt, the Duke of Wellington and Lord Palmerston. The times are gone when a Prime Minister of Britain at war can afford the superb effrontery of using an official residence on the most exposed stretch of the coast, as Pitt used Walmer Castle throughout his wardenship from 1792 to 1805. Mr. Churchill will not live at Walmer till after the war, but it will be strange if, artist and builder as he is, he does not leave his mark on the historic castle. It was Pitt, or rather his sister Lady Hester Stanhope, who transformed the adjacent dunes into a woodland garden—employing the garrison of Dover to work the transformation during the Prime Minister's absence in London during Trafalgar year. The room in which Wellington died at Walmer is exactly as it then used to be, though some alterations were made by Lord and Lady Willington. The Castle is one of the forts built exactly 400 years ago by Henry VIII for coast defence, from designs by the Moravian Stephen von Haschenberg. The Duke of Dorset was the first Lord Warden to make it his official residence in about 1708, and Lord Brassey revived the practice in 1910 after it had lapsed for some years.

## AN ANNOUNCEMENT

**F**OR twenty-five years *COUNTRY LIFE* has been sold at a shilling.

Now, after two years of war, during which costs have risen to an unprecedented level, we are reluctantly compelled to put up the price to 1s. 3d.

That is an increase of only 25 per cent. Yet the cost to us of paper alone has more than doubled, and other expenses have gone up in high proportion. If we were to pass on the whole extra burden to the public, as many businesses do as a matter of course, our readers would have to pay much more.

We believe, then, that they will regard the extra charge as both inevitable and fair, especially as *COUNTRY LIFE* has delayed imposing it longer than almost every other periodical.

The new price comes into operation with our next issue (October 10).

Current subscriptions will not be affected until they come up for renewal.

## THE IMPORT OF WINES

**A**PART from wines which lie in private cellars, there can be no doubt as to the toll which two years of war have taken of our supplies. Stocks have been reduced by enemy action, and imports, if not completely at a standstill, have been a small fraction of the amount consumed. The Government, when questioned on the matter, have resisted the obvious *non possumus* attitude of saying "There's a war on and that's that," and the Ministry of Food have promised to issue licences for the import of wines from Spain and Portugal in neutral bottoms, provided that

essential commodities are carried as well. In practice, however (it is said), the necessary licences are not granted and such shipping, as a result, often arrives here half laden. There are good reasons for avoiding this. Wine-growing in the Dominions, the shipping of wines from Spain and Portugal, and the distribution of wine in this country are industries which have absorbed much British capital. If supplies are needlessly allowed to get so bad that our wine trade completely vanishes, Empire producers, British shippers, and a business which contributes largely to the revenue will suffer, perhaps irretrievably. Both in Australia and South Africa wine-growing is an industry of importance. The South African Government sets the example to its growers with its magnificent vineyards at Groot Constantia. The vines of Australia are infants by comparison, but their quantity production in the past and their quality production to-day bear witness to the foresight and patriotism of the botanist and viticulturist who, more than a century ago, collected varieties of the grape vine from all over Europe and conveyed his precious cargo of plants by sailing-ship to Sydney. Both Dominions can produce wines worthy to replace the bulk of the European wines we have lost. Now would seem to be the time—in spite of the difficulties of transport—to make such a replacement permanent.

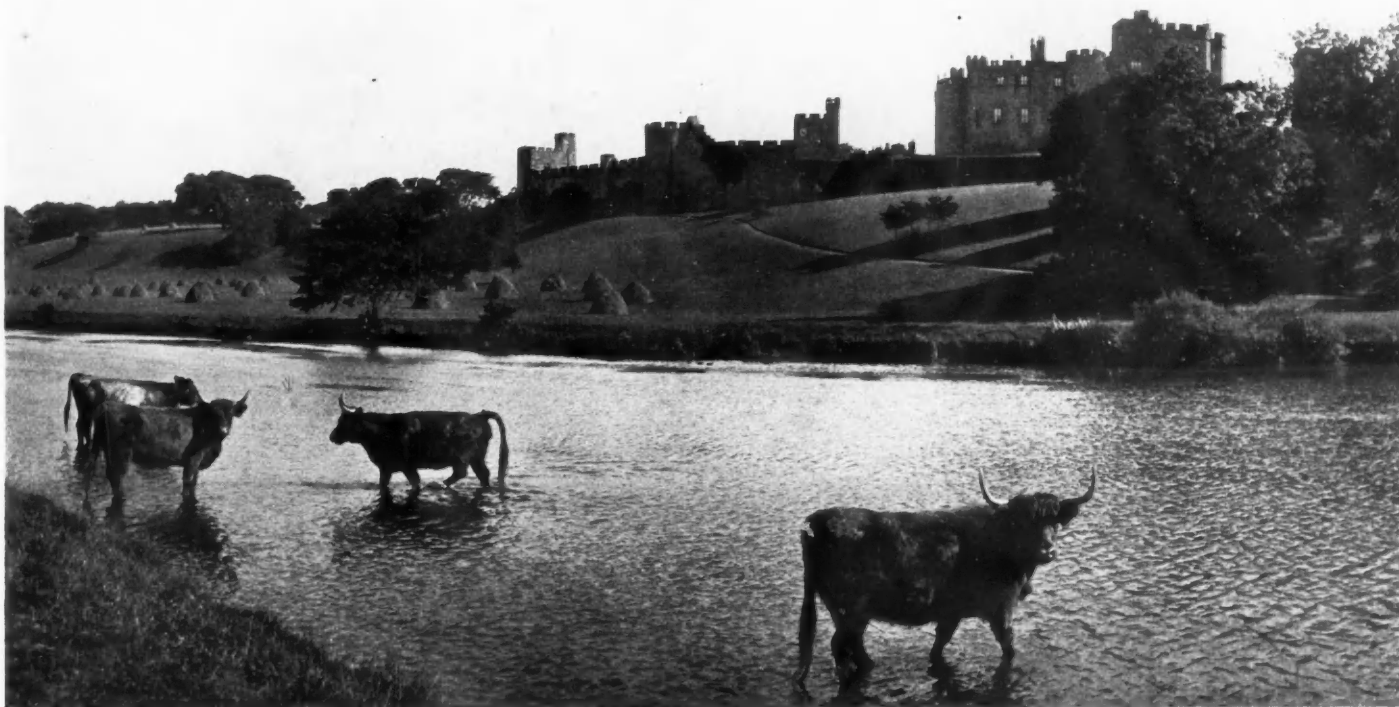
## THREE QUATERCENTENARIES

**E**VEN in time of war we may spare a moment to recollect that 1941 marks the quatercentenaries of three of England's noblest cathedrals. Westminster Abbey had been made the seat of a bishop (for a very short time) in 1540, and Bristol and Oxford were to be elevated in 1542, but it was in 1541 that Chester, Gloucester and Peterborough achieved the dignity of cathedral cities. Of course the mother-church in each city is more than 400 years old: only the episcopal seat dates from 1541. It was Henry VIII's policy to use great abbeys, already in existence but lately "dissolved," as cathedrals for his new dioceses which might with advantage have been smaller and more numerous. What magnificence might then have been saved—Chertsey, Reading, Glastonbury, Tintern, Fountains, Rievaulx, and many another! In the nineteenth century a roughly comparable policy of promoting abbeys or large parish churches to be the cathedrals of newly formed dioceses was followed: when old bishoprics have been revived they have usually been mere suffragans, and few people remember how long is the list of England's cathedral cities which are cities no more—Dunwich, Dorchester, Lindisfarne, Sherborne, Selsey, Crediton, Thetford, Lindsey and others. Yet even had all these survived, England's cathedrals would still have been less ancient than those of Wales. The sees of Llandaff, Bangor, St. Davids and St. Asaphs all ante-date Canterbury, whose foundation in 597 makes it the oldest episcopal seat England ever has had. Against such antiquity the four-centuries-old sees of Chester, Gloucester and Peterborough appear to be foundations of yesterday. But who can foretell in what kind of world Liverpool and Guildford will come to the quatercentenaries of their foundations?

## HOME GUARD SHOOTING COMPETITION

**T**HE *COUNTRY LIFE* Miniature Rifle Competition for the Home Guard has now reached the half-way stage and the opportunity presents itself for an interim report. We are glad to announce that entries for the final stage (landscape target) have been received from nearly 700 battalions, and as each of these entries represents an eliminating contest within the battalions themselves we regard this as a very gratifying total. The landscape targets for the final round—one to each battalion as provided in the rules—were despatched by the War Office last week, and should now have been in the hands of the officers concerned for some days. May we remind competitors that the competition closes on October 18, and that the targets should be returned to the offices of *COUNTRY LIFE*, 2-10, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, W.C.2, not later than October 25. The result will be announced in *COUNTRY LIFE* as soon as possible after that date.





LOOKING ACROSS THE ALNE: ALNWICK CASTLE, A SEAT OF THE DUKES OF NORTHUMBERLAND

## A COUNTRYMAN'S NOTES

The Female of the Species—A Blackbird Fight—Kindness to Quails

By MAJOR C. S. JARVIS

**I**N a recent issue Mr. C. H. Kennard, when writing about gundogs, gave it as his opinion that bitches have not quite such a high sense of honour as dogs, and I expect he will get into trouble over this remark. I think, however, that quite a number of people will agree with him. It has been my experience that when a dog decides to disobey rules he does so in an open, blatant manner so that he is usually detected at once, whereas the bitch will go about it in a much more subtle way, and her artful wiles suggest that the female of the species has a far more fertile intelligence than the male. This I do not think is the case, as on the whole the dog has the better brain, but his standard of honour will not allow him to use it for the purpose of deceiving master.

Much of my troubles in life have been caused by my dogs—past and present, and always a dog and bitch combination—going off hunting on their own, and in these days, with Army transport and motor cycles roaring up every lane, one is never easy in one's mind if they are out of sight. Despite every precaution the present couple manage to get away regularly once a week, and the various ruses employed suggest that the bitch has spent the best part of the night in working out the details of the movement that leads to my discomfiture. The plan varies from time to time, but a particularly common one is the sudden discovery of a non-existent rabbit in a bush; a series of excited yaps from Herself to let me know that they are at close quarters with their quarry and thinking of nothing else; and then a sudden silence which means that, under cover of a hedgerow, they are streaking away to their favourite wood, but owing to the careful selection of the fictitious rabbit's hiding-place it is seldom possible to get a view of them to holloa them back. I know it is the bitch who is the prime mover in these deceitful tricks, as I have seen her nudge the dog with her nose or prod him with her shoulder when she thinks the moment has arrived to make the get-away, and the dog on these occasions always seems to be uncertain of himself—as if in fact he does not think he is quite playing the game.

**F**IGHTING seems to be more general among birds than with any other form of life, and practically every species appears to indulge in it during the mating season, and sometimes merely for the fun of the thing. I was recently watching two cock blackbirds settling their differences and, as the breeding season was then well advanced, the reason cannot have been a question of rivalry over a hen, but rather of sporting rights over a hunting area. A blackbird fight looks rather like a game of polo, as between rounds the birds will hop furiously abreast of each other, one trying to ride the other off, and, unlike game-cock fighting, the rounds themselves do not appear to be very serious.

During a game-cock fight that has lasted for some time the bird that is more exhausted will appear to run away, but he does not run very fast or very far, but jogs along easily in a series of circles with the other cock following him. This is called "running for wind," and is a mock retirement such as Norman William employed so successfully at the battle of Hastings. After a few minutes, when the pursuing bird is off his guard, the retreating cock will turn suddenly, peck his adversary on the head and pull him forward in the direction of his course on the ju-jitsu principle, and strike savagely with both spurs as he stumbles past.

\* \* \*

**A**SPECIES that fights very savagely and to the death is the little quail, and when these are shipped in flat crates from Egypt to the European market they are packed so tightly that the birds can barely move. The reason for this is that if there is any room space the cocks will indulge in constant battles during the voyage across the Mediterranean, and on arrival at the other side half the consignment will be dead or so battered as to be unfit for sale. It is very difficult to discover any good that has come out of this war, but the existing state of affairs in the Mediterranean has no doubt put a stop to this distasteful trade for the time being.

The quail is caught during the autumn southward migration by the erection of high trammel nets along the African shore of the

Mediterranean, and when I held the reins of office in Sinai the various cruelty-to-animals and bird-protection societies in Great Britain wrote to me and asked that I should prevent the Beduin Arab from taking quail. Actually I had not the authority to do this, for the Beduin has nothing to do with export but merely nets the quail, and in any case the cruelty lies not so much in the actual capture of the birds, as they are a most useful foodstuff and thousands are consumed locally, but in the shipping of them tightly packed in crates on a fortnight's voyage to the United Kingdom.

\* \* \*

**I**T struck me always as being such a queer anomaly that these powerful societies, in the reputedly very humane country of England, never managed to scotch the trade at the salient point and much nearer home by obtaining the passing of a law prohibiting the import of live quail into Great Britain. It would seem a far simpler proceeding than suggesting that I should interfere with the age-old pursuits of the Beduin, who has after all only very vague ideas about cruelty to animals or birds. The societies explained ingenuously that "vested interests" in this country would fight such a Bill strongly, and when in 1937 a Bill was at last passed the prohibition was for the period between February 14 and July 1 only, and the migration period, during which the bulk of the birds are caught, is from September 1 until the end of October. In other words the Bill was framed solely to protect the quail during the breeding season to ensure that he propagated his species, and the question of actual cruelty never came into it.

This recalls the case of a country in the Middle East which, to protect its own citrus trade, prohibited the import of oranges from a neighbouring country, which produces many of superfine quality. This was such a serious blow that the Prime Minister of the first State was invited to visit the orange-growing country, where he was fêted, banqueted, and treated with every honour. At the conclusion of his visit, as a mark of his appreciation of this hospitality, he graciously rescinded the embargo on oranges—for the period between May 1 and November 30, when no oranges are produced.

# ANIMALS AT WOBURN

*A short series of articles describing some of the Deer, Bison, Mongolian Wild Ponies, Wild Fowl, etc., in the Collection of His Grace the Duke of Bedford at Woburn Abbey*

**Written and Illustrated by FRANCES PITT**

## I.—PERE DAVIDE'S DEER



### THE LAST OF THEIR KIND

It is almost certain that this herd of Pere David deer, brought originally from the Imperial Palace at Pekin by the late Duke of Bedford about 40 years ago, represents the entire existing stock of the species. The herd is several hundreds strong, and is in a flourishing condition

**W**HEN and where did Père Davide's deer roam wild? The question has long puzzled zoologists, for this large and handsome species, with its fine head, is known chiefly to Western naturalists through the agency of a few specimens brought from the Non Hai-tzu park of the Imperial Palace at Pekin to Continental zoological gardens and to Woburn Abbey.

It is probable, indeed almost certain, that the descendants of the few animals imported by the late Duke and Duchess of Bedford, now increased to a considerable herd, represent the entire existing stock of the species. That it still survives in a wild state is more than doubtful, and none remains on the Continent. It is to Woburn we must go to see a deer as big as the red deer, or bigger, with remarkable and impressive antlers and a peculiarly long tail; a deer, moreover, of commanding appearance and distinctive character.

Zoology certainly owes a debt of gratitude to those two keen naturalists, the late Duke and Duchess of Bedford, who went to endless trouble and expense to collect from the remote parts of the world such rarities as this Chinese deer, and give them sanctuary in the splendid park of Woburn Abbey. It continues to owe much gratitude to the present Duke of Bedford for his equal zeal in zoological and ornithological matters and the manner in which he is maintaining this unique collection.

I must take this opportunity to express my thanks to the Duke for his kindness in allowing me to inspect and photograph so many of his beasts and birds, including not only the Père Davide and many other deer, but the bison (both European and American), the Mongolian wild ponies, the Chartley cattle and the varied assortment of water fowl. It was, to use a homely phrase, a "rare treat" to wander up and down the great avenues and far extending stretches of the huge park, camera at the ready, and blaze off films at first this and then that, at first a tiny water deer no bigger than a brown hare, and then at the stately parade of the Père Davide hinds, or the even more stately spectacle of the Père Davide stags strolling across the turf.

None of the deer is tame, too great familiarity being avoided on account of danger from aggressive stags if they lose their respect for mankind; and to obtain photo-

graphs I had to use a long-focus lens, employing a car for stalking purposes. In this way I got sufficiently close to take a considerable number of photographs. Indeed, I was so overcome by my subject and its setting that I forgot war-time difficulties regarding films and kept up a rapid fire.

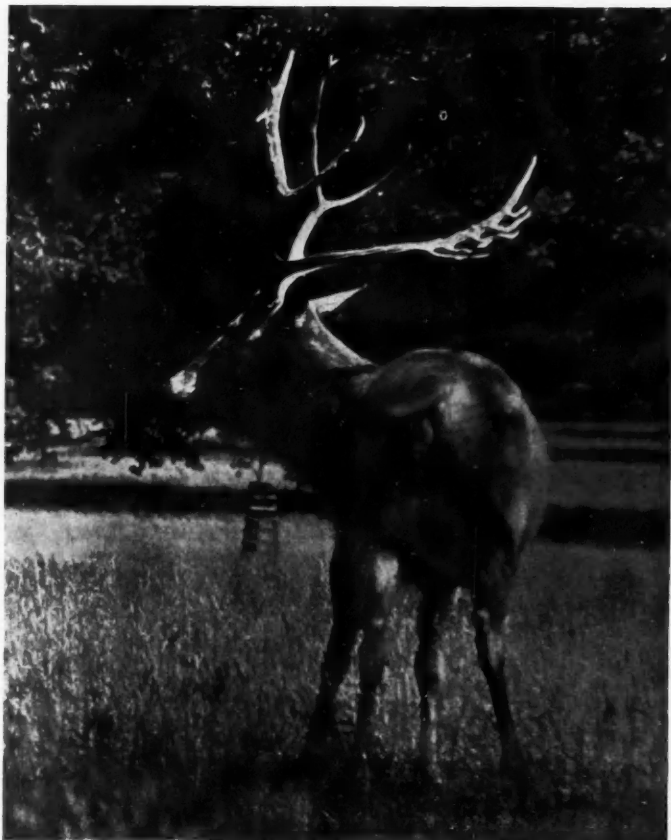
The Davide deer alone were enough to make one waste untold films. On my earlier visit in April the stags were still in velvet, their large antlers looking immense. One party of old stags lying peacefully together made a particularly fine display. Watching them rise and walk off, their long tails swishing from side to side, I was struck by their donkey-like appearance. Indeed, their long faces were almost horse-like.

My next interview with these gentlemen was on a blazing June day, with the flies a dreadful worry and rutting time at hand. All horns were now free of velvet, yet some stags carried decorations on their antlers.

To guard against any risk of the open parts of the park being used as landing places by enemy aeroplanes, lines of posts had been erected, with barbed wire stretched along them. The wire and the posts pleased the stags. They proceeded to rub their horns thereon, wrap the wire round them and carry it off. This wire they

would carry until the time came to shed their antlers, when it and the horns would be dropped together. In the meantime some of them were fantastically festooned.

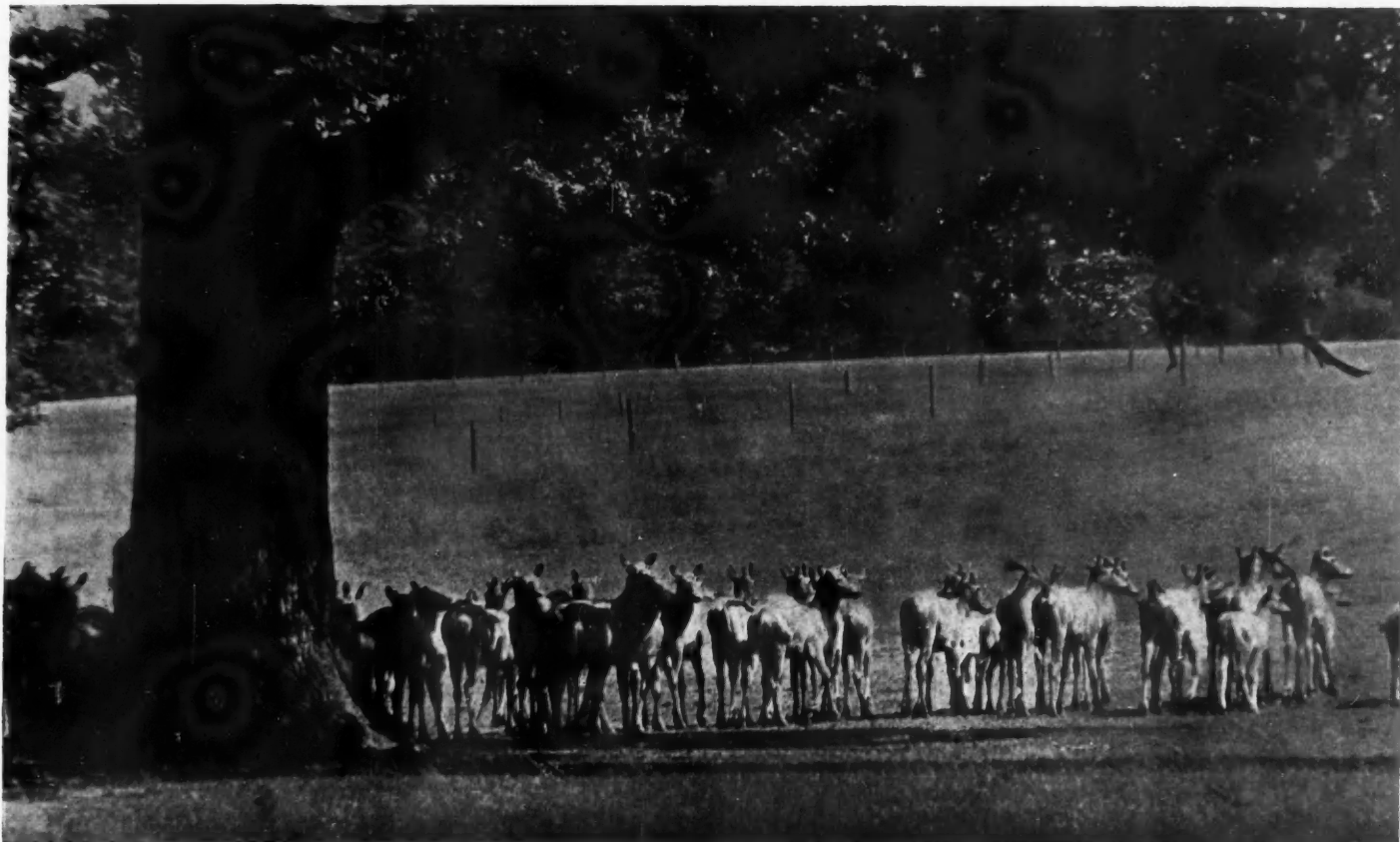
The stags were no longer peaceful and contented. The rutting season had come. The clash of antler upon antler could be heard, yet



### A FINE HEAD

The stags are usually peaceable both towards each other and towards man, but at rutting time it is wise to treat them with caution





#### A GROUP OF HINDS AND CALVES

"They were truly a noble sight, and it seemed to me that the owners of Woburn had done a great thing in giving hospitality to this strange species"

still the social spirit prevailed and even the senior stags kept more or less together.

The day was a very hot one; the flies buzzed and the sun blazed down relentlessly on photographer and deer alike. The deer sought the shade of the wide-spreading oaks and great beeches, whisked their tails and flapped their ears and stamped their feet in an effort to keep the buzzing pests away. They gathered themselves close together and seemed to get

mutual benefit from each other's flipping tails and ears. From this gathering of hinds came occasionally the curious high-pitched cry of calves, though all the young ones I saw were of fair size.

Although the time of love-making was at hand the sexes were segregated into separate gatherings, and the stags tended to break up into age groups, the younger ones being apart from the old gentlemen. Some of the elders

stood alone, indulging in solitary contemplation beneath the shade of the trees, and these individuals gave me a good opportunity to study the make and shape of this deer from northern China. These old stags were curiously mulish-looking animals and of rather "tucked-up" appearance. The long tail and the horse-like face were both more striking than ever.

Watching them, the question with which I began this article occurred and recurred:



"SOME OF THE ELDERS STOOD APART, INDULGING IN SOLITARY CONTEMPLATION BENEATH THE SHADE OF THE TREES"



#### A STAG ASLEEP IN THE SHADE

"These old stags were curiously mulish-looking animals and of rather 'tucked-up' appearance"

where did their ancestors roam in unrestricted wildness; where did the Manchu emperors obtain them, and how long had they been kept at Pekin?

The name of "Père Davide's deer" was given the species in memory of its discoverer, the missionary explorer who found the deer in the Imperial Park, where they roamed in safe sanctuary as they now do at Woburn. By some it has been described as a marsh-loving deer, and it certainly likes water. Many of the stags I watched carried on their grey-brown coats

grey mud from some one of the lakes in the park, and I saw several stags in one of the lakes. Two stags had waded in until more than half submerged; only their backs and armed heads were above water, and they looked most peculiar, like some strange prehistoric monsters wallowing in the pool. No doubt in the great heat—it was the hottest day of this summer—it was delightfully cool and a pleasant way of evading the ever-persecuting flies. But the pleasure of the bath did not make the stags either blind or indifferent to what passed ashore.

Both kept a wary eye on my car, on the keeper who was showing me round, and particularly on me when I left the car and tried to bring my long-focus lens to bear upon them. They splashed through the water, the one appearing to swim for a few yards, waded ashore, and made off with an awkward, lolling gait, with again something mule-like about it, that carried them away and out of camera reach with surprising swiftness. Their action might look awkward, but it was exceedingly effective.

Returning to the car and rolling on over the turf, I discussed with the keeper the dispositions of these unique animals. He gave them a good character, saying the stags were peaceable both towards each other and towards man; but as he said this there was a rattle of antlers and we viewed two stags with lowered heads fencing with one another. He indicated that occasionally at rutting time it was wise to treat the stags with respect, particularly if a stag seemed inclined to shake its head and stand its ground, though he did not think they would attack a man. However, he advised discretion.

Once more I turned my car about and drove back to have yet another look at the Père Davide under the trees, the hinds under some oaks and a number of stags beneath more oaks and some tall beeches. They were truly a noble sight, and it seemed to me that the owners of Woburn had done a great thing in giving hospitality to this strange species, and building up from a few specimens a magnificent herd some hundreds strong.

Incidentally the truth of the statement that, given a sound and vigorous stock, inbreeding can be practised with impunity, is here exemplified, for the animals are the picture of health and prosperity and show no signs of degeneracy, yet of necessity they are all closely related. Maybe this close relationship explains the absence of variation in the herd and the similarity of all the individuals. Nevertheless, inbreeding at times brings to light recessive types, such as albino or semi-albino varieties, and it is noteworthy that there have been a few cream-coloured individuals of late years. However, there was not one animal to be seen that was not worthy of its place in this unique herd in its grand setting.



#### A PARTY OF YOUNG STAGS

"Where did their ancestors roam in unrestricted wildness; where did the Manchu Emperors obtain them, and how long had they been kept at Pekin?"



# ENGLISH QUALITIES IN ENGLISH CERAMICS

## EVOLUTION RATHER THAN REVOLUTION

By N. PEVSNER

**N**ATIONAL qualities in art are, needless to say, the result of national character. National character is the result not only of "blood and soil" as the Nazis have it, but of blood—i.e. race—soil—i.e. geographic conditions—and history. As for handicraft and industrial art, history acts in a twofold way, generally by all those qualities with which she has gradually endowed the national character, and more especially and often accidentally by certain inventions and their development.

Thus a body of tradition is created from which industrial art, closely connected as it is with practical needs and everyday life, cannot depart.

It is necessary to know something of national traditions and try to understand their meaning in order to appreciate the character and the peculiarities of design of any modern trade or industry in any particular country.

Now in the case of English ceramics—the word stands for both earthenware and porcelain (or china)—the first fact to be remembered is this: while the mention of French ceramics brings up in one's mind at once Sèvres porcelain, and the mention of German ceramics Dresden china, any foreigner asked about English ceramics would without hesitation reply by one name first of all, Josiah Wedgwood—and Wedgwood made earthenware in the eighteenth century, not china. If our foreigner happened to be more of a connoisseur he would add another name—Spode—and Spode made bone china as against the soft-paste (sand) china of Sèvres and the hard-paste Dresden ware.

It is well to remember this, because English tradition in ceramics is bound up with bodies of a composition and therefore an appearance different right from the beginning, i.e. before any decoration is applied, from Continental bodies. English earthenware—and at least 80 if not 90 per cent. of all the table ware and decorative pieces that you would come across in shops are earthenware and not porcelain—is recognised abroad as being tougher than most Continental makes, less liable to chipping, more easily worked into graceful, delicate shapes, though of course not shapes of the lightness of porcelain. There will always be a feeling of solidity, even of sturdiness, about earthenware. You cannot make it translucent as china is, nor can you give it the gloss and lustre of china.

Now it is interesting to note that when England created her own composition of china, a composition in which bone-ash is added to the felspar (china stone) and the kaolin (china clay) of which Dresden or Copenhagen ware consist entirely, the result was a porcelain of course, i.e. a



A FAMOUS EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY WEDGWOOD SHAPE  
Simplicity and undated beauty of outline and proportion make them as right on a modern as on a Chippendale table



THREE VASES DESIGNED BY KEITH MURRAY. Another example of how contemporary shapes and processes—these vases are turned on the lathe—can be kept in harmony with national tradition

body similar in many ways to Continental china bodies, but again (partly due to lower firing temperature) a body less fragile-looking and less ostentatiously glossy, not as brilliant as Dresden china but subtler perhaps and certainly more subdued in its effects.

Thus the firm, dependable character of English earthenware, the lack of anything extreme and spectacular, is also, though in a different medium, a feature typical of English bone china.

So much of bodies. As to decoration, there is above all one process characteristic of English earthenware and china, a process hardly used on the Continent in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. England discovered as early as about 1750 a method by which engravings printed from copper plates could be transferred on to pottery surfaces. One may say that such a method as opposed to pure hand

decoration, which still ruled unchallenged on the Continent, constitutes a first step towards industrialisation in the pottery trade and was therefore bound to be taken first in the country most advanced industrially in the eighteenth century.

This transfer process was used for border decoration as well as for all-over patterns such as the famous Willow pattern created, it seems by Spode about 1780.

In our own day the process was chiefly used for period reproduction work, until a few years ago Wedgwood's decided to test its true vitality by inviting Mr. Eric Ravilious, the distinguished painter and wood engraver, to produce designs for them suitable for the old copper engraving technique. The venture has been and still is a great success, an excellent example of how a live synthesis of tradition and contemporaneity can be achieved. I wonder who will take the next step and try to produce a twentieth-century version of the Willow type of pattern.

Mr. Keith Murray is perhaps the best-known among those modern artists—in fact he is an architect—who design for pottery. His vases and bowls, strictly contemporary in their smooth and precise outlines (and also—they are turned on the lathe—in the way in which they are made), yet have to the full that specific English restraint and *juste milieu* that make them go quite naturally with the beautiful eighteenth-century shapes of English earthenware, the shapes whose undated perfection looks just as right on a modern as on a Chippendale table.

And Mr. Murray is by no means the only pottery designer who has achieved this quality of undated rightness. It is found in work of several other artists and manufacturers as well, while the leading Continental wares of modern design are conceived in a decidedly anti-period spirit. But then these Continental countries have had their revolutions within the last 150 years to put an end to what they consequently call *ancien régime*, whereas England has not. So, as no break has destroyed the political continuity in this country between the days of Wedgwood and our own age, it is possible here more easily than anywhere still to create shapes and patterns which, in spite of their modern qualities, seem effortlessly to follow the traditions of the great eighteenth century.



COFFEE SET DESIGNED BY JOHN ADAMS, MADE BY THE POOLE POTTERY

Unmistakeable twentieth-century design, yet in the English tradition, a synthesis characteristic of the country of evolution as against revolution

## Moss from a Rolling Stone—VI

## LIVING ON THE COUNTRY

By NEGLEY FARSON

I WAS about 13 when I first learned the folly of trying to live on the country. My guardian had a tan-bark concession in West Virginia. He took me down with a party, which, among other things, was going to shoot bear. My aunt was studying music, and in this party was her German singing professor, Franz Ahrens, a famous teacher in New York at that time.

We could get only to the foot of the mountains on the little logging railway; after that we loaded our stuff on to a big buckboard, hired horses and rode up into the Blue Ridge. The day after we had left the railway Franz Ahrens appeared in the morning in Bavarian leather shorts, with a chamois brush in his green hat. You can imagine the effect upon the Virginians.

I do not know whether this had any influence upon the bear or not; but they had cleared out. Anyway, there had been a terrific drought. We could see the scratches on the trees where the bears had been sharpening their claws, but we never came up with them.

The deer also had vanished, and the streams were so low that they were merely a succession of pools with the merest trickle running, as at the last gasp, between them. In these pools the trout lay as if suspended in liquid glass.

No bear, no deer, no fish—and therefore no food. My guardian was not a sportsman. He was a good horseman; but I doubt if he had ever fired a rifle in his life. In New York, when the delighted Franz Ahrens learned that he was to be included in this expedition, he immediately took charge of it. All our tent and camp kit was splendid; so was the medicine chest (with the snake-bite outfit), which was to prove invaluable. So were his two Mannlicher rifles. And so (if I do say it myself) was my lovely little Winchester '22. But he had grandiose ideas about American wild life.

We rode slowly ahead of the straining buckboard on roads deep with dust. Dust criss-crossed with the tracks that thousands of snakes had made in traversing them. Most of these were the harmless blacksnake (harmless unless he scares you to death); but we killed several rattlers on that trip. Ahrens, a mountain Bavarian, never thought of including a shotgun. So a few ruffed grouse and partridge that we saw got off unharmed.

I won't say we were desperate, because we had plenty of tinned stuff. But my guardian did not fancy that; he said he did not believe in roughing it. He said this, pointedly, to Franz Ahrens. Ahrens had also brought his trout rods, but the trout seemed to hear us crawling up to a pool. They darted about frantically. My guardian, who was a practical, and therefore a ruthless man, said: "To me, it seems absurd. There are the fish, here are we, and you mean to tell me you can't get them?"

Ahrens tried to explain that to make a cast on that glassy surface would be like thrashing it with a rope. He then growled that



## A CAMP IN THE WILDS

In his travels in all parts of the world Mr. Farson has often lived on the country. At this camp at the mouth of Shaw Creek, British Columbia, he depended on his rods and gun for nine months



## MEAT FOR THE POT

This picture shows how buffalo meat is smoked in Uganda

that night we *would* have trout for supper—just leave him alone. He took me, and our mosquito nets, and told me to follow him through the woods to the stream. Here he tied some suitably shaped stones along the bottom of the mosquito net and we dragged the pool. "This is not correct," said Ahrens; "I do not like it."

Neither did my guardian, when he heard how the trout had been caught. He summoned the negro who had driven the buckboard and ordered him to drive back down into the valley and bring back at least some sides of cured pork. He also said he saw no reason for remaining in these mountains any longer; he was not mad about tent life.

And here a man we called Doggie spoke up. He was a tall, sallow, Virginian mountaineer—the type that used to shoot the revenue officers.

"Why don't you eat squirls (squirrels)?" he asked.

He had never approached my guardian before, because in Doggie's eyes he was a great man; didn't he own the tan-bark in these here mountains? Doggie took me—and my '22—and we loped off into the woods. Lope was Doggie's gait. When we reached a patch suitable to Doggie, he ordered me to sit down. "An' say nothin'," he said. The only sound for several minutes was made by Doggie's jaws, working at a plug of chewing tobacco.

Then there was a rustle of the dry leaves. Doggie stiffened. There it was, the sun glinting through the brush of its tail. Doggie moved—and the squirrel shot for the nearest tree. It went up it, always keeping the trunk or a branch between ourselves and it. Then it lay in a crotch.

"Consarn!" swore Doggie. Then he backed off a pace (I felt sorry for that "squirl"), and took one of those malevolent aims which not so long back had made a revenue officer's life so unhealthy in these mountains, and down came the squirrel.

I don't remember whether we ever got any of the big red Virginia fox-squirrels with the tufted ears; but we ate dozens of grey ones, roasted over the embers. And they were not bad.

Then Doggie said to me: "Want to stomp some suckers?" I didn't know what stomping meant, but I was ready to do anything—with Doggie, my hero at that time.

We tramped down to a low section of the parched stream. Doggie stared at the sluggish reach. Then he picked up a big rock and brought it down with a crash on top of a rock that was slanting out into the



## PAUNCHING A "TOMMY" IN KENYA

The chops of this little gazelle form an almost certain contribution to the larder of every safari



water—and lo! a fish appeared floating stomach upward. "That's stompin'!" said Doggie; "ain't he a beaut!"

It was a sucker of nearly 2lb. But I have to admit this: no one except Doggie and myself would eat it, or any of the other suckers we stomped. Mud, said the others, was caviare by comparison.

"But still," said my guardian, as we sat around the camp fire one night, "you could hardly call this a sporting adventure—netting trout, shooting squirrels, killing fish with rocks—" And he looked at Franz Ahrens.

The mighty Bavarian hunter did not know how to meet the challenge. Doggie had run out of inventions. He was also a bit huffed that his expertness with a rock was not appreciated. "For you see," he said to me, "I knows how to do it. What them suckers is doin' is lying so's they can get away from the sun; they gets themselves under a rock in the heat of the day. But you got to know what kind of rock."

Doggie, in fact, was so disgusted that he did not even mention another stream (which he knew had some water in it) until my guardian announced that we had had enough; we would

leave the mountains. Doggie had not mentioned this precious stream before because he did not want to do any more work than necessary, and climbing another ridge, breaking camp, setting up again, meant plenty of work for Doggie.

"You might try the Juniper," he drawled cautiously. "She runs down on the yuther side of this here ridge. We-all know we can always find something in there."

"What's something?" asked my guardian. "Can't 'xactly say. Might get a deer."

So we went. We got no deer, but the frantic Ahrens did get a few trout. And—now just look what happened!

I was sitting where I had been ordered to sit by Franz Ahrens—as far below him as I could be persuaded to remain—when I saw something move across the stream. I stared at it dreamily, for it was a hot day. I watched it scratch about and peck a few times. It's a pretty bird, I thought, just as if it was made of copper. Then my heart stopped; it suddenly hit me that I was staring straight at a wild turkey!

I shook so that I nearly dropped the little Winchester into the stream. What should I

do? If I moved, it would vanish. No! Never! And slowly, very slowly, I raised the rifle to my shoulder. It seemed to be swinging in circles when I tried to aim. Just when I had it plump in the middle of that big bronze body I pulled the trigger.

There was something like a whirlwind in the brush across the stream. Three or four other turkeys which I had not noticed roared off through the trees. But this one didn't! I jumped straight into the deep pool I had been drowsing beside and waded across to it. I shall now draw the veil; I had aimed for its body, but I had hit it smack in the neck, just under the head. A rock, not handled so expertly as Doggie would have liked, finished the murder.

"What was it?" asked Ahrens, coming back.

"This!" I held up the turkey.

"I haf never known it to fail," Ahrens informed us around the fire that night; "it's the passer-by who always catches the biggest fish; it's the *verdant* amateur who always gets the finest head, and now . . . now it is this"—he pointed to me—"who gets the only game we will shoot in the *verdant* Virginias!"

## A TALE OF TWO TOADS

By M. FORSTER KNIGHT

**S**AMSON and Delilah were found in an area after a deluge of rain. Twice they have been lifted out and put into the garden, but have found their way back again with the persistence of their kind.

Occasionally in the evening they are allowed to roam about for food on a small rockery. Samson (a male, no doubt, being a very large toad) plunges ahead determined to get somewhere. "Going places" is his motto, but Delilah is slower and much given to meditation. Is it worth the trouble to climb the stones ahead? That is the problem. Even in the act of walking she will remain poised with one leg forward, filled with uncertainty.

Finally, a decision made, her hind legs shuffle a slight hollow still deeper, and she fits the earth as comfortably as a stone. Then her face has almost the majestic calm of a Buddhist image. "Life," one can imagine her saying, "can't be escaped, so one may as well sit still and let it do the running." Once, as if in answer to this thought, a spider, dislodged by Samson, scampered down some stones, then over her broad back and finally on to her nose where it was instantly snapped up.

To-night she doesn't bother about Samson, and I am disappointed. Twice before she has followed him up the little rockery and now

apparently he can disappear for ever without disturbing her Buddhist calm.

He has climbed some little way and is puffing heavily. Pursuing life it has escaped him. A daddy-long-legs floats past, tantalisingly near. Gnats dance a courtship dance just over his nose, but not near enough to justify the throw of a sticky tongue.

I see myself as an intervening fate and dig up a handful of worms. Samson is hauled down from his rock and placed near Delilah before the rich feast. Almost immediately his head bends down and back, and he gazes with intense interest at the lively movements of the largest worm. Delilah, equally interested, is watching its slowly moving tail.

A horrid thought assails me, and I hasten to alter their positions. Too late—a simultaneous snap, and they meet somewhere near the centre of



### SAMSON DETERMINED TO GET SOMEWHERE

the worm—another snap and their noses touch. The eyes of both toads sink right down into their heads in a violent effort to swallow the squirming meal. Then Delilah's eyes emerge, and gaze straight into those of Samson. "Let go, you idiot!" she might be saying, and lifting a podgy hand she pushes it against the obstructing face. Samson says nothing, but as her jaws open slightly for a better grip he gives a mighty gulp and the worm shoots into his mouth and disappears.

Delilah gazes into the distance. Her sides grow very thin and then swell suddenly. Will she make a scene? No, her philosophical attitude asserts itself. Life has come and gone. It will come again.

Samson has never moved. The worm apparently has thoughts of escape, and all his concentration is needed to keep it in its proper place. Complaisance and satisfaction are written on his wide mouth. "It was a good worm," one can imagine him saying, "an uncommonly good worm, and well worth a smack on the face."



DELILAH'S SMACK IN THE FACE FOR SAMSON DURING THEIR STRUGGLE FOR THE LARGEST WORM

# STANTON HARCOURT

## I—THE ROMANCE OF AN OXFORDSHIRE MANOR

**T**UCKED away between Windrush and Isis, Stanton Harcourt, with the group of mediæval buildings formed by manor house and church, is one of those pockets of history that recent centuries have by-passed. Though it is only six miles west of Carfax in a direct line, the peninsula of Berkshire formed by the Cumnor ridge has to be crossed, and the Thames thrice, between there and Oxford. Out of the way as it is among the level elm-shaded fields, you will by no means escape even here from Britain's all-pervading business. Yet the atmosphere of the place is too old and strong to be destroyed by a mere few months of martial activity. These grey ancestral towers among brooding elms mirrored in the still waters of the Lady Pool preserve the authentic bloom of romance.

That is no common thing. There are numberless places, ancient and ruined buildings, that were found romantic 50, 100 years ago, and that still bear the label attached to them by poet or antiquary before the road or the railway, restorer or recorder, dispelled the misty atmosphere of wonder, scraped the glamour and mosses from the surface, and substituted hard fact for awed surmise. Many such have by now entirely disappeared, the process of decay completed in utter ruin or accelerated by demolition. Stanton Harcourt, though much of it has gone, is still much the same place as when, more than 200 years ago, it was one of the first ruinous buildings to stir romantic emotions in a sensitive observer: in the breast of Alexander Pope, who spent a summer in one of its mouldering towers. In that sense, as a fragmentary yet partly habitable ruin of



1.—THE KITCHEN, FROM THE GARDEN, IN THE LATE 18th CENTURY  
A water-colour by Paul Sandby at Nuneham

which the secrets are still not fully explored but still coloured by the first untutored imaginings of an age to which Gothic architecture and mediæval record were a delicious mystery, it is probably unique.

Towards the end of the seventeenth century Sir Philip

Harcourt left his family's ancestral home to his second wife for her life, and died soon after, in 1688. This lady never lived at Stanton Harcourt but sold most of the furniture and allowed the house to fall into an advanced state of decay before she died in 1713 and the place reverted to her stepson Simon, the Lord Chancellor and first Viscount Harcourt. The latter had established himself at near-by Cokethorpe, but apparently the library at Stanton was still maintained, and he fitted up some rooms for occasional habitation. One of these was at the top of the tower above the domestic chapel, and there Pope was installed when lent the place for the summer of 1718 in order to finish his translation of the fifth volume of the *Iliad*. In several letters Pope has left highly coloured descriptions of the great old quadrangular house. Though "florid" (the word is Pope's), they correspond closely

enough with an inventory made in 1688 to give us the only surviving source for an idea of its original arrangement before the more ruinous portions were pulled down to provide materials to build Nuneham in the 1770's. What most took his fancy was the great kitchen. This still stands as he describes and is one of the most remarkable things of its kind after that of Glastonbury Abbey.

Towards the end of July, 1718, Gay was with Pope in the tower when there occurred one of those heavy thunderstorms not unusual at that time of year. Both poets have left descriptions of the tragedy they then witnessed. The facts are identical in both accounts, but Gay's pastoral muse was the better fitted to express the pathos of this rustic drama.

I must acquaint you that the highest and most extravagant heap of towers in the universe, which is in this neighbourhood, stands still undefaced (by the storm), while a cock of barley in our next field has been consumed to ashes. Would to God that this heap of barley had been all that had perished: for, unhappily, beneath this little shelter sat two much more constant lovers than ever were found in Romance, under the shade of a beech tree. John Hewet was a well set up man, of about five and twenty; Sarah Drew might be rather called comely than beautiful. They had passed through the various labours of the year together with the greatest satisfaction: if she milked, twas his morning and evening care to bring the cows to her hand. It was but last fair that he bought her a present of green silk for her straw hat, and the posy on her silver ring was of his choosing. Their love was the talk of the whole neighbourhood. . . . It was the very morning that they had obtained the consent of her parents, and it was but till the next week that they had to wait to be made happy. When the storm broke John made a shelter of sheaves for his Sarah, who was much frightened. There was a deafening crash. The labourers hailed one another, but no answer came from John. They perceived the barley all in a smoke; and then espied the faithful pair, John with one arm about Sarah's neck and the other held over her as to screen her from the lightning. They were struck dead in this tender posture. Sarah's left eyebrow was singed, and there appeared a black spot on her breast; her lover was all over black.

On the two poets' request, Lord Harcourt set up a tablet to their memory in the church, for which a jointly composed epitaph was submitted. It being thought too fanciful,



2.—THE CHAPEL OF THE MANOR HOUSE

Pope spent the summer of 1718 in the tower, working on the fifth volume of his *Translation of Homer*





3.—THE CHURCH AND MEDIÆVAL KITCHEN OF THE MANOR HOUSE FROM ACROSS THE LADY POOL  
The young tree immediately east of the church should be cut down to open up this beautiful group of ancient buildings



4.—THE HARCOURT CHAPEL, ON THE SOUTH OF THE CHURCH, AND POPE'S TOWER (left)



5.—THE TOMB OF MAUD GREY, LADY HARCOURT, CIRCA 1400; AND THE EASTER SEPULCHRE

Pope penned the lines now to be seen, which contain the phrase :

Live well, and fear no sudden fate;  
When God calls virtue to the grave,  
Alike 'tis justice, soon or late,  
Mercy alike to kill or save.

Congreve is the author of another epitaph in the church, that to Robert Huntington, died 1683 at the age of 34, and to his son, 1693, aged 17. What appears to be another Huntington monument, since the top of it is similar in design, is now concealed behind the organ. Presumably it is to the Robert Huntington who built Parsonage House at the other end of the village in about 1670, illustrated here July 19 and 26 last, and if it could be seen would no doubt tell us something more about him than could be related in those articles.

The church, in parts Norman with the fifteenth-century Harcourt chapel added, is a singularly complete cruciform Early English building, as beautiful outside as in. Seen from the east across the Lady Pool, with the manor house beyond, it makes one of the prettiest pictures of a parish church to be seen anywhere (Fig. 3)—or would do so but for an intruding young tree that should be felled. When the house was intact, the whole group must have been magnificent. Yet, with their extraordinary lack of pictorial perception, no one of that time has left a description of it, although they were able to build and create these noble compositions. The exasperating Dr. Plott, who scoured Oxfordshire in Charles II's time in search of natural curiosities, actually walked round the lake, and must have seen the view, yet it might not have existed for all he says about it. He was preoccupied by Sir Philip Harcourt's contrivance for sluicing fish-ponds, not into one another, but into a ditch, so that changing the level of one did not affect the rest. The name of the largest of these ponds, the lake that reflects the towers of church and house, is derived from an ancient ghost story, according to which the wraith of a Lady Alice, murdered by a priest in the tower, is laid in the lake and rises to revisit the scene if the Lady Pool is ever dry. Even if it gets low, she is uneasy and can be seen wandering about the grounds. Pope had heard the story, though he gives her another name :

The ghost of Lady Frances is supposed to walk the adultery-chamber; some prying maids formerly reported that they saw a lady in a fardingale

through the keyhole; but this matter was hushed up, and the servants forbid to talk of it.

"Lady Frances" may be Frances de Vere, granddaughter of the fifteenth Earl of Oxford, who married Sir Robert Harcourt, who in James I's reign sailed in the wake of Raleigh to Guiana and took possession of much territory between the Amazon and Orinoco.

Within the church, lit by an almost perfect series of original Early English lancet windows, the contemporary oak screen of about 1260 is among the earliest, if not the earliest, in England. The lower half is pierced by apertures like little loopholes, probably made by children in the fifteenth century in order to obtain a sight of the altar. Removal of layers of paint has revealed a fragment of the early painted decoration: a crowned abbess seated in a cloister, probably fifteenth century. Another remarkable object (Fig. 5) is either a short altar tomb with a tall and very rich Decorated canopy, or an Easter Sepulchre.

But the chief splendour of the church is the magnificent series of Harcourt tombs. Beside the Easter Sepulchre lies that of Maud, daughter of Lord Grey of Rotherfield Greys, wife of Sir Thomas Harcourt, of the time of Richard II. Together with the fifteenth-century knights in the Harcourt Chapel, the effigy is rich in colour. Her husband, knighted by Edward III in 1366, Knight of the Shire for Oxford 1376, Custodian of Oxford Castle, and

Envoy with the Duke of Clarence to Milan, was most likely the builder of most of the manor house, though, with the exception of the great kitchen, the surviving portions are subsequent to his death in 1417. Sir Thomas was a younger son, but is the first of the family to be associated with Stanton Harcourt other than by the lordship of the manor obtained in about 1200 by Robert, son of Ivo de Harcourt through his marriage with Isabel de Camville.

The Harcourt family was an old and distinguished one in Normandy before Duke William's conquest of England. Several of them took part in the expedition, but, though they received sundry estates in this country, they preferred their properties in Normandy, chief of which was the Château de Harcourt, and, for the most part, continued there, begetting numerous illustrious lines culminating in that of the Maréchal Duc de Harcourt (1700). The founder of the English family was this Robert, son of Ivo, Sheriff of Warwick and Leicester 1199 and 1201. His wife was cousin of Queen Adeliza, second queen of Henry I, who gave Isabel the manor of Stanton Harcourt which had hitherto been part of the Royal demesne of Woodstock, frequently associated with the mediæval queens. It was held by the building and maintenance of one of the towers of Dover Castle, which is still called the Harcourt Tower, and carried the right of haysel in part of Woodstock Park known as Stanton Field and the obligation of providing four "browsers" there in winter "when any snow shall happen to fall, tarry, lye and abide the space of two days."

And the King's Bayliffe, coming to give warning for the said Browsers, shall blow his horne at the Mannor Gate of Stanton Harcourt and have a cast of bread, a gallon of Ale, and a piece of Beef. And the said Lord of Stanton Harcourt to have out of the said Park, one Buck in summer and one Doe in winter.

Field-Marshal Earl Harcourt attempted to revive this custom in the nineteenth century



6.—THE HARCOURT CHAPEL IN THE CHURCH  
Built by Sir Robert Harcourt, K.G., whose tomb lies to the right of the east window





and the Duke of Marlborough agreed provided Lord Harcourt should perform his part of the charter. "So it has on both sides fallen into disuse," remarks the editor of the Harcourt Papers—perhaps because no one knew what exactly browsers are! The N. E. D., quoting this passage, itself comments "obscure." Browsing means the nibbling of the shoots on cut brushwood by stock or deer in hard weather. The implication here is that the Harcourts had to provide four men to cut the brushwood in Woodstock Park on which the deer could browse.

The immediate successors of Robert de Harcourt seem to have lived principally in the Midlands. The lordship of Ellenhall, Staffordshire, came to them, with many others in Warwickshire and Leicestershire. In the sixth generation and the reign of Edward III comes Thomas, the younger son who married an Oxfordshire heiress, represented Oxford in Parliament, and had charge of Oxford Castle. Thenceforward the descent of Stanton Harcourt can be followed continuously in the Harcourt Chapel. To the right of the east window (Fig. 6) lie Sir Robert, grandson of Thomas, with his lady Margaret, daughter of Sir John Byron, who built the domestic chapel of the manor house (Fig. 2) and may well have built this chapel, adjoining the chancel, wherein he lies. He was Sheriff of Leicester and Warwick in 1445, Governor of Vernon in Normandy, 1446, and High Steward of Oxford University, created Knight of the Garter by Edward IV, served on the Peace Commission with the King-maker for the treaty with France in 1467, and was slain by the Lancastrians in 1471. Both he and his lady wear the Garter—worn by her on the left arm, whereas her contemporary Alice Chaucer, Duchess of Suffolk, at Ewelme, wears it on the left wrist.

Opposite this tomb lies his grandson Sir Robert II, Knight of the Bath, standard-bearer to Henry Tudor at Bosworth Field (Fig. 9). When the Suffolks were finally dispossessed of Ewelme by the Crown in 1501, he was appointed Steward of the attached manors. He lies in full plated armour and the tomb is decorated with "weepers"—four black-robed monks telling their beads and two angels—and with the Tudor rose at the end, erroneously re-painted red at some time instead of red and white.

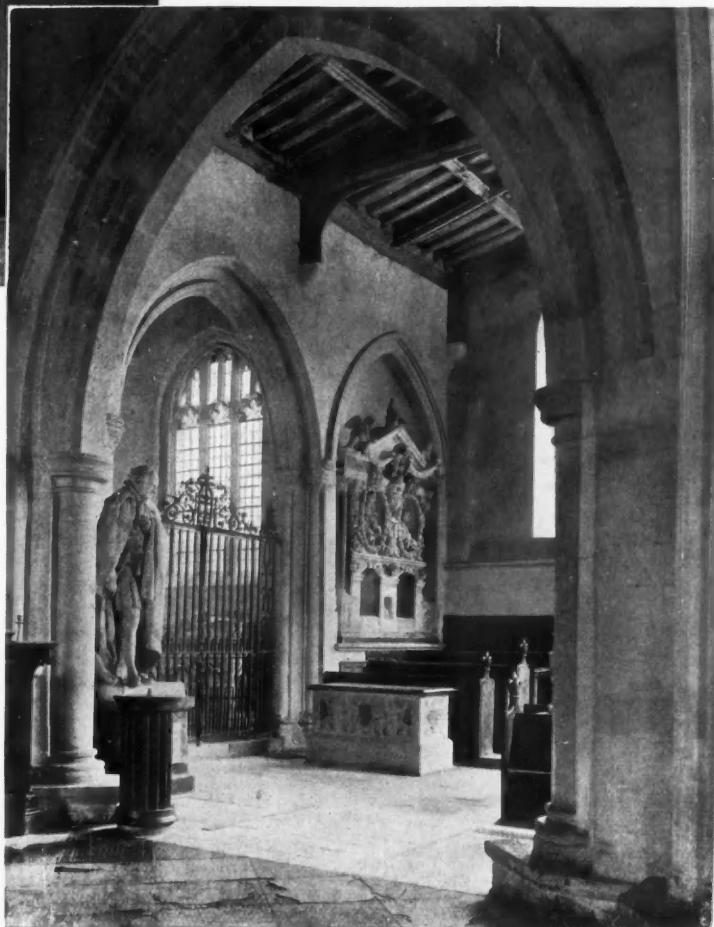
Above him hang a helm and tattered banner—Nathaniel Hawthorne opined that it might be the very one beneath which he marshalled his followers at Bosworth and Blackheath, and set a bad example, much imitated by his countrymen, in tearing off "one little bit, no bigger than a finger-nail, as it was absolutely falling to pieces."

On the death of John Harcourt, only son of Sir Robert II, without issue, Stanton went to a cousin, Sir Simon, great-great-grandson of Sir

Robert Harcourt, K.G. He married a Darrel of Scotney Castle, Kent, and built, or re-built, the gate-house to the manor house (Fig. 7) which bears the Harcourt and Darrel arms. It has been much altered, the gateway filled in, and the oriel window above evidently reconstructed. Its rough-cast surface resembles that of the seventeenth-century Parsonage House at the other end of the village.

The last of the Harcourts to live at Stanton, Sir Philip who died in the year William of Orange came, is commemorated with his first wife, daughter of Sir William Waller the Parliament general, by the baroque monument now in the south transept (Fig. 8). It was formerly under the east window of the Harcourt Chapel where now there is a brass with the names of the 37 generations of the Harcourt lords of Stanton. The later monuments comprise those to Simon, son of the Lord Chancellor, with an epitaph by Pope; a cast of the statue in St. George's, Windsor, of Field-Marshal the third (and last) Earl Harcourt, died 1830 (Fig. 8), and the tomb of his cousin the Hon. Edward Vernon Harcourt, Archbishop of York, who succeeded him. Neither the Field-Marshal nor the Archbishop had children, the latter being succeeded at Stanton Harcourt and Nuneham by his brother the Rev. George Granville Harcourt. He was father of Sir William Harcourt, the well known late Victorian politician whose son Louis, well remembered as First Commissioner of Works, was created Viscount Harcourt in 1917. The present Viscount, whose home is Nuneham Courtenay, is his son.

CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY.



(Top) 7.—THE GATE-HOUSE OF THE MANOR HOUSE

Built by Sir Simon Harcourt, early sixteenth century

(Centre) 8.—GATE TO THE HARCOURT CHAPEL FROM THE SOUTH TRANSEPT OF THE CHURCH

Monuments to Field-Marshal Lord Harcourt (d. 1830) and Sir Philip Harcourt (d. 1688)

(Bottom) 9.—THE PAINTED EFFIGY OF SIR ROBERT HARCOURT, K.B.

Standard-bearer to Henry VII at Bosworth Field. Above, his helmet and banner



## THE EAGLE-OWL IN BRITAIN

[The following highly interesting note, and we believe unique record, has come to us from an eminent ornithologist, who, hoping the owls may return and breed next year, feels it advisable to remain anonymous for the moment, and also to withhold all details that might lead to the identification of the locality. We can, however, state that no one could be better qualified than he to recognise specimens of the eagle-owl. He is especially well acquainted with this magnificent species, a bird a good deal bigger than the buzzard and distinguished not only by its size but by its long ear-tufts and intense orange eyes. The eagle-owl, though widely distributed throughout the Continent of Europe and in Asia, is a very rare wanderer to the British Isles. So far as we are aware, this is the first time a pair have settled down and shown a desire to breed. It is indeed to be hoped that they will reappear next spring and succeed in doing so.—ED.]

WHEN I and a friend were returning over the moor one afternoon last May after trout-fishing in a small lake, we were astonished to see an enormous owl fly across in front of us and disappear over the edge of the hill. The flight and shape of the wings recalled those of a barn owl, but the size and darker colour of the underparts really left no doubt as to the bird's identity, although it was a considerable time before I got close enough to him, when at rest, to be able to see his orange eyes and ear-tufts.

Concluding, not unnaturally, that we were dealing with a vagrant individual we should never set eyes on after that day, we hurried in the direction in which the bird had disappeared and were successful in getting a few more glimpses of him through field-glasses, seeing him on one occasion close his wings and drop on to a vole in the grass.

Returning about an hour later in the not very certain hope of seeing more of our discovery, we put up an eagle-owl close to the place where we had first caught sight of him and watched the bird disappear round the side of the hill, flying low. No sooner had it vanished, however, than we caught sight of another owl of the same species flying towards us high in the air, and, although we could hardly believe it at the time, it was obvious that there were



THE EAGLE-OWL, SO-CALLED BECAUSE OF ITS GREAT SIZE

a pair on the ground! The approaching bird—the cock, as we later discovered—rising to an immense and most un-owl-like height, flew up and down the ridge which constituted his domain until we left. He looked not unlike a buzzard, but his tail was shorter and he rarely “sailed,” flapping slowly and steadily all the time.

The following day we were able to see the pair start off for their evening's exercise together. (They were quite diurnal in their habits, beginning to hunt between five and six o'clock in, of course, broad daylight.) They

quickly rose to an immense height, and the cock every now and then would perform a curious display flight, falling head downwards with wings extended, nearly meeting at the tips and quivering. Occasionally we heard a cry uttered by them, not unlike the “fraank!” of a heron. For some weeks we were able to keep the owls under fairly close observation, although to our regret we were never able to discover whether they nested. That they did make an attempt, presumably unsuccessful, to breed can hardly be doubted, as they were obviously a true pair, in breeding condition, and on a breeding territory. The cock was noticeably smaller than his mate and much greyer in colour, and we saw far more of him than we did of her.

Although a wood was not far distant, the owls appeared to spend their whole time on the moor, perching on the rocks, or resting in the long heather.

We found and examined the contents of many of their big castings. Strange to say, in spite of the eagle-owl's reputation as a voracious slayer of large quarry, our pair seemed to lead the most blameless existence, feeding exclusively on voles and shrews, and the numerous curlews and game birds on the same ground showed little fear of them. On one occasion, when we were fishing in the lake already mentioned, the cock came flying along the hillside and pounced on a vole which he carried off in his foot. I saw him carrying small prey in this manner on other occasions, which led me to hope that one day a nest would be discovered.

In the late spring and early summer the cock eagle-owl would spend a great part of the late afternoon flying alone at a tremendous height and not only doing his display tumble but uttering at frequent intervals a series of soft, rapidly repeated hoo-hoo-hoo-hoos of a ventriloquial character and tremendous carrying power, as they were audible when the bird himself was a mere distant speck in the heavens. Strange to say we never heard either member of the pair utter the short gruff “boo-hoo!” which is the characteristic call in captivity.

I last saw the male owl, hunting, towards the end of June, but one or two subsequent visits to their territory have been unproductive of results. I still hope, however, that they may not have forsaken the district entirely, for which reason I desire it to remain unknown.

## A HOLIDAY BY THE DON

By HAMILTON FYFE

“TAKE a holiday?” a friend said, in answer to my suggestion that he looked as if he needed one. “What's the use? There's nowhere to go.”

I told him I hoped to go to the Lakes for a few days. He scoffed at my simplicity.

“You haven't a chance,” he warned me. “Everything chock full. You won't get in anywhere.”

I made enquiries and found he was right. So I made up my mind to go farther afield. My walking companion, with whom in past autumns I have tramped the Alpes Maritimes, the Vosges, the Black Forest, Thuringia, the Harz Mountains, lived in Aberdeen. I went up there and we got a 'bus to Alford in the Don Valley, about an hour's ride. Thence we made our way towards the Cairngorms, beside the stream which “quiet flows” like its namesake in Russia, of which Shokolov has written; over hillsides still purple with heather; through narrow glens with gurgling burns; under the arching aisles of pine forests, whose green dimness was welcome in the heat of noon.

The Don has not the spectacular, dramatic quality of the Dee. Its banks are seldom sloping; it has few deep, wide pools. It ripples sedately over stony beds, then spreads into a serene, shining gentleness; narrowing again, where the woods close in on it, to foam and scramble through a miniature gorge.

It has infinite variety. No two reaches are alike. For the most part our way along the mountain-sides took us high above it. The constantly changing aspect of the valley was delightful. Sheep dotted the meadows. Black Highland cattle grazed on the rougher fields.

There was a peaceful, pastoral air about the scene that soothed the nerves and brought refreshment to the spirit.

Yet under one of the old grey stone bridges, built by the chiefs of Clan Forbes, who once owned the valley, we saw a mark showing the height to which the water rose only a few years back. When the snows melt and the spring rains send down a great volume of water, the Don becomes a swirling, headlong torrent. The floods are out for weeks, maybe. You can see why the bridges have been made so strong.

Most of the big houses have been kept in habitable repair, though some, like Skellater, stand empty and dilapidated, their solid stone walls as good as ever, but their interiors pitifully forlorn. There is not the same number of guns and rods as there was once, though the trout and salmon are not less plentiful, while grouse and partridge and hares abound. The “lodges” that in late Victorian years filled every autumn with guests invited to shoot or fish, are now in small request.

The farmers who still graze their cattle and sheep, and grow their oats and root-crops, are prosperous, if appearances can be trusted. They all seem to have cars. Their machinery is up-to-date. One told me he had just bought a tractor.

Thrifty and hard-working, they are kindly folk too. Only they don't care about being patronised; they resent anything like haughtiness of manner. Once they were too ready to express annoyance in action. At Strathdon a Presbyterian minister made himself so unpopular that he was beheaded. Another, whose doctrine or behaviour displeased his parishioners,

was all but smothered by them. That was in the eighteenth century, however.

Now it is for humour they are noted, not for ferocity. They tell a story, for instance, of a grave-digger who too frequently let his fondness for whisky interfere with the carrying-out of his duties. At one funeral the coffin-bearers could not lower their burden. The grave was too narrow. The minister beckoned to the culprit to come forward and see if anything could be done about it. He took one look at the jammed coffin, then he threw the blame on the carpenter who made it. He asked scornfully: “Did ye ever see sic a kist?”

At another funeral the “corp” had to be carried through deep snow. The bearers found it an exhausting job. Several times they had to set down the “kist” and rest. Not far from the churchyard they seemed to be all in. But their leader exhorted them: “Jist anither houpie, lads, and we'll fair fup him,” and with that they went on. No translation is necessary!

For those who enjoy walking in moderation this is perfect holiday ground. The hills are not high enough to be tiring, yet they offer magnificent view-points. From Ben Neve (pronounced for some reason Niaoow), which is little more than a thousand feet above the river, you can see the whole range of the Cairngorms, with other mountains completing a circle all round. This may not be so impressive as the Alps from Turin or the Pyrenæes from Pau, but it has a rugged homeliness which fully makes up for the absence of snow-caps.

I came back after just a week, feeling as if I had been away a month. That is the true test of a holiday which does you good.



## GREEN AND PLEASANT LAND—III

## THE DISTRIBUTION OF INDUSTRY

By F. J. OSBORN, Hon. Sec. Town and Country Planning Association

*The essence of planning is the balancing of national necessities and individual desires. In the first part of this article Mr. Osborn instances some of the partial enthusiasms that make for unbalanced planning. The most practical method of combining the requirements of the home and of production, he concludes, is a policy of decentralising industry and the planning of a limited number of new towns*



Elliott and Fry

## SURROUNDINGS OF DAILY HOME LIFE IN A NEW TOWN. WELWYN

It is recommended that a limited number of such towns with decentralised industries, ultimately of 25,000 to 75,000 population, should be established

GOVERNMENTAL planning is not, or should not be, advocated for its own sake. Due need should always be shown. The necessity of some social control of the use of land arises from the plain fact that such use has become badly balanced. The essence of planning is the establishment of a good balance among a great variety of wanted things. We clung too long to the belief that a good balance would arise spontaneously if the owners and users of land were left to settle matters among themselves. All experience has shown that it does not.

Taking the special case under discussion in this series of articles—the use of land in the countryside—the play of individual interests, all seeking objectives that must be respected, has resulted in a “pattern” of land-use that is now generally regarded as seriously defective and as tending to become more so rather than less so. Planning is therefore demanded, primarily by people who are acutely conscious of specific defects. Therein is the motive force of planning. But therein also is the first danger to the whole planning idea: a partial approach to the problem in reaction to some one defect in land use. There is the æsthetic approach, demanding closely packed, terrace-design of towns, with a complete ban on development in the country; a policy supported by many advocates of high agricultural production, a consideration undoubtedly necessary as an insurance of food supply. At the other extreme, we have watched development giving too exclusive attention to residential desires of the urban business man or factory wage-earner.

## THE TOWNSMAN'S QUEST

This was the first “democratic” planning, and it has produced conditions inimical not only to agriculture and decent æsthetics, but to the amenities of the urban worker himself. Proliferant suburbia, ribbon building, and thoughtless scattering of dwellings, have cheated the civilised townsman of community (one of the things that first took him to the town) and sentenced him to imprisonment for 20 per cent. of the term of his natural working life in a “bus or train. Yet in reacting against these prodigious and now obvious evils, we must keep clearly in mind what the townsman was after when, half-consciously, he incurred these stern penalties. He was seeking light, space, greenness, gardens for his children, nearness to the countryside. To get these things he was prepared to sacrifice effective citizenship, money, time and much of his daily comfort. Of course he would have preferred to get the first group

of things without the sacrifice of the second, and if planning had been wiser, and earlier on the scene, he could have had all these things together. But the agricultural and æsthetic interests should realise that they have to meet him; they cannot just sandbag him back into terraces and tenements. To think that the townsman can be persuaded to abandon the quest for which he was willing to make such sacrifices is unrealistic as well as inhuman.

Planning or no planning, the pattern of town and countryside reflects the dominant obsessions of an age. If the age is unbalanced, if some long-term interest of large numbers of people fails to be influential in development in that age, development is unbalanced. If all the major issues can be brought into intelligent discussion in the present formative time, we can have some hope of a sound policy of physical reconstruction. But if a lot of people strenuously push, as it were, one article each, it is impossible to predict what will emerge from the political Bartholomew Fair that is to come. Not, I should say, anything remotely resembling the planning that any of the sectional interests want.

I would therefore implore all those who are conscious of particular defects in the lay-out of our beloved country, or of tendencies of development which menace things in which they are specially interested, to realise that in a good plan all the major interests of 46,000,000 people have to be, if not fully reconciled, at least reasonably integrated.

We can best hope to agree on a balanced planning programme if we begin with the very big considerations: those that matter most to the largest number of people, whether they are actively present in their minds or not.

Right in the forefront of these considerations come two things—the surroundings of the daily home-life, and the productiveness of industry (manufacture and agriculture). These two things are so fundamental that it is almost academic to rank one in front of the other. Logically, no doubt, the home takes priority, since most people work to live rather than live to work. But in our agricultural-industrial civilisation the whole standard of family life is so bound up with ample food supplies and highly evolved manufactures and services that efficiency of production is almost as fundamental to us as the homes and the leisure in which we enjoy the results of our work. One could go further: we spend so much of our time in production that the conditions of that part of our activity—its surroundings and amenities, even its social character—have to be studied in

planning, not only as a means of life, but as a large part of life itself. Work is no doubt a burden, but it is poor sociology to regard it as a burden solely; it is part of the rhythm of human life, and far too large a part to be excluded from the general study of amelioration—and not only in its environmental aspects, though that is the side with which we are concerned here.

A third very great consideration should be present in the minds of planners; that of the physical requirements of community life—particularly local community life. The need of attending to this matter from the point of view of the family and the individual is now fairly well understood after the mistakes of the past. I stress here its importance also from the point of view of industry, because it has a bearing on the grouping we shall aim at in planning.

## THE NEEDS OF INDUSTRY

Much research work of a detailed character is now in progress as to the requirements of industry in the way of location and local organisation. This is confirming the view of those with fairly wide knowledge of business—that a substantial proportion of factory industries and some commercial businesses have some latitude as to their choice of situation. Many light industries, for example, manufacturing goods to be sent all over Britain and perhaps also for export, are not economically compelled to be in one particular town or district. The materials they want are either obtainable in a number of places or are cheaply transported; and the sort of skill they need may be found in many places or may be easily trained. Left to themselves, such industries, on a balance of considerations not very heavily weighted, tend to go to the outskirts of London or other large cities; and it is very largely the growth of such industries in recent years that has caused, or encouraged, the excessive growth and spread of London and of one or two other expanding urban regions. They have been successfully attracted to some of the smaller towns where conditions were favourable. Notably the two garden cities of Welwyn and Letchworth, and the trading estates established in the Special Areas, have been built up by the offer of good factory sites, ready-built factories on rental, and modern industrial services, the combination of which advantages has sometimes overcome the pull of the larger pools of labour in the great cities. Nevertheless between the two wars these first attempts at organised decentralisation, not being backed by national planning—and indeed having the housing policy of successive Governments on the whole against

them—could do very little to check the main stream, which was towards the larger cities and towards the south-east. And there was little or no attempt to provide inducements for industry to settle in the older small towns or in villages suitably situated for industrial development.

### AN OUTLINE OF POLICY

If we are to get, during and especially after this war, a thorough-going and intelligent decentralisation of industry, and (to use the words of the Barlow Report) "a diversification and better balance of industry in the various regions" of Britain, we shall need a clear and definite policy at the centre, and we shall need certain new powers of direction and initiation. I suggest that the first thing necessary is agreement on policy on these lines:

(1) To restrict the settlement of new industries or businesses (other than those providing local services) in certain great aggregations which before the war were too large. This restriction would amount to prohibition unless it could be shown that, for technical reasons, the industry seeking a location could not carry on elsewhere. The same principle should be applied to bombed-out businesses seeking to return. There are many others which have in the emergency found situations not entirely satisfactory and will seek entirely new accommodation, but should not be encouraged to return to their pre-war sites. And there will be, of course, many entirely new industries started at the end of the war. Taken together these industries, new and old, will represent a considerable amount of employment. Their guidance into the right situations is a potential instrument of planning of great value if it can be skilfully employed in the interests both of industry itself and of a better distribution of towns in relation to the countryside.

(2) To encourage the settlement of new industries in such of the existing small towns and villages as are suitable or can be made suitable for factory production. No exact formula as to district, size or character of the towns or villages appropriate for this purpose can be or ought to be stated. It is a matter for local and regional study, and even to some extent, though these may be influenced by and react upon national policy, for local aspiration and initiative. It is essential, however, to realise that most modern factory industry requires for its efficiency and stability a town unit of reasonable size and internal diversity; and that many urban workers have been educated to expect, and indeed need for maintenance of their skill and working enthusiasm, a range of social and "cultural" amenities that it would hardly be practicable for a very small unit of population to provide. Primitively their needs in these respects may be covered by an accessible cinema, a well run public-house, a sports ground, a "community centre" (the rather deterrent modern name for a public hall or group of meeting-rooms), a church or two, and a good council school. There are in fact definite merits in a simple community set-up of this type, which not a few people appreciate. Genuine personality flourishes in such an atmosphere, and in these days of the

wireless set, cheap books, the Press, and busy national organisations fostering opinion and stimulating thought and activity in the remotest corners, a well equipped village need not feel cut off from the larger world. In my opinion, however, the one-school, one-cinema, one-public-hall community cannot be regarded as a norm for British factory industry. It will not suit the majority even of light industries or their workers. For technical reasons, as well as for the social reasons briefly sketched here, we should seek to encourage the development of considerably larger and more complex units, planned for populations of 25,000 to 50,000 people. In choosing existing small towns and villages for urban industry, therefore, I think we should normally favour those which can conveniently, and without the absorption of first-class soils, be extended to at least 25,000. In a town of that size, or a little larger, given an adequate equipment of buildings, and assuming a further development of national co-operation in certain branches of culture, a genuinely civilised social life is possible, and many industrial units would find the conditions required for success.

(3) To promote the establishment of a number of new towns of 25,000 to 75,000 ultimate population. The sites for these should be most carefully selected having regard to the interests of agriculture and the character of the industries for which they are intended. An obvious type of location for such new towns is in the regions where industrial development has been active but the existing regional centres are overgrown or over-dense, or irremediably obsolete; and they should be placed some distance from the edges of the existing large towns—quite five miles and in some cases 10 to 15 miles away, if that is practicable. One important factor here is the local linkage of industries, which affects the workers, the supplies, and the markets of many factories. In the case of a city like Birmingham, for instance, or of an urban complex like Greater London, those industries which have close economic connections with a group of other industries cannot be moved (or re-settled after the war dislocation) in a Special Area hundreds of miles away. But many of them could be carried on with reasonable convenience up to 10, 20 or 30 miles from the group with which they are associated; the slight additional cost of transport, or of time taken in inter-works visits, would be far more than compensated by better factory-space, better housing and a better community organisation—given of course that all these matters are properly attended to in planning. Some of the dispersed industries built during the war may provide nuclei for such new towns.

(4) To encourage whenever possible the development of small industries and businesses, either related to agriculture and the agricultural community or of a special character suited to small pools of workers, in existing rural villages. Though, as I have implied, such industries will probably be quantitatively not significant in terms of the main problem of city decentralisation, they can be of value in the support and enrichment of rural life. I would not confine enquiry and experiment in this field to factory

and workshop industry in the narrow sense, nor to industries (such as canning, furniture-making or rural craftwork) economically or conventionally bound up with agriculture. I think there may be many other businesses, including some office businesses, that could be carried on in villages or large country houses. Not everybody would be attracted by a life of mental activity in rural surroundings, but many would think it better to be "buried alive" among trees and fields than to be buried half-dead among bricks and the fumes of motor-exhausts. These I admit are extremes of taste. I belong to the great majority of our nation who function best in urban surroundings, but I want them green and spacious and I want the country within walking distance. In planning we must suit all tastes; except I think the taste for twilight and petrol-fumes, which I should rank with the craze for drinking methylated spirit or metal polish and treat medically if not penally.

### ADVANTAGES OF DISTRIBUTION

It is not in this series' scope to deal fully with the possible technique of promoting a distribution on these lines. Clearly we should use leadership, suggestion, the setting up of good fashions and standards, and the provision of the best possible facilities in the best possible places, as our main machinery.

So far as rules and regulations are necessary—and they are necessary—they should always be restrictive of siting in the wrong places rather than compulsive. It is always better legislation to fence people out than to fence them in. We should leave the industrialist the maximum possible say in deciding on his policy. He may find he cannot establish an adequate case for London or some other place which needs to be relieved of pressure. But he should be left as much choice as a clear line of national policy permits. He should be entitled to free first-class advice based on expert study of all his locational problems. If on the redevelopment of the congested area in which his works are situated he is required to move elsewhere, his costs of transfer should be met, his building problems solved, even a factory provided for him in the new situation on fair terms.

And, where for reasons of national policy it is desired to stimulate industrial development in a village, or a new town, or an old town scheduled for revival, there should be no stinting either of the industrial or social equipment.

Between the two wars we spent millions in housing subsidies which, whether this was intended or not, had the effect of forcing the growth of industry in the larger cities and on the most congested and therefore expensive sites. Under national planning we should not hesitate to apply subsidies to the extent necessary to promote development where it is in the national interest. I am convinced that the amount necessary for a quite effective stimulus to decentralised development will be far less than we spent on creating the problems which the next Reconstruction will seek to solve.

Such a policy should be an aid and not an obstruction to agricultural revival. A better



CONTRASTS IN INDUSTRIALISM. THE POTTERIES, AND A NEW TOWN FACTORY AT BOURNVILLE



and wider distribution of industry in our smaller towns would carry with it a better-grouped national market for those foods (milk, market garden produce, fruit, etc.) which suffer by long carriage and delay between producer and consumer. Small industrial towns in good agricultural areas tend to provide various employment for various members of families, and to increase the family income of the rural community—though this effect has been masked by the too-wide discrepancy between rural and urban wages, causing an excessive drift of workers to the towns. The social and cultural

advantage of really lively and prosperous towns in a rural area needs no argument in these days of the cycle and motor bus. The advantage of nearby open country to the industrial worker in his town is more and more realised.

I must say a word to allay any alarm that the planning policy foreshadowed in these articles threatens to use up too much of our remaining farm-land. To safeguard the best soils for food-growing is vital. New towns and extensions of towns and villages must absorb some of the land of secondary quality, because industrial efficiency, health, and better homes

for the townsfolk cannot be attained otherwise. But I am convinced that, if we plan well, we can find ample space for the "spill-over" of industry and people from congested towns without taking from agriculture more than 300,000 or 400,000 acres of the 30,000,000 acres now in cultivation. Against this we can reclaim some millions of acres, for farming, from the 18,000,000 acres of open land now hardly producing food at all.

[The next article in this series is "The Neighbourhood of the Village" by F. G. Thomas.]

## THE RIGOUR OF THE GAME

WHEN in 1890 I was a hero-worshipping schoolboy poring over the first edition of the Badminton book I knew by heart many sentences from Mr. Everard's chapter on *Some Celebrated Golfers*. There was one, quite short, that always appealed to my sense of the romantic: "Finally the brothers Blackwell of St. Andrews, one of whom is probably the longest driver ever seen upon that green, but who is now resident abroad." The longest driver ever seen at St. Andrews must be the longest driver in the world, and should I, I wondered, ever be privileged to see him? It is sad to think that that mightiest driver, Mr. Edward Blackwell, is now the only survivor of the brotherhood—Jim, Walter, Ted and Ernley—for the youngest brother, Sir Ernley Blackwell, has just died, to the regret of all who knew him. He was, I hope I may say, an old friend, for I first met him when I joined the Woking club in December of 1897 and one of the earliest rounds I ever played there was with him. It added to my pleasure, when I was made captain of the club at St. Andrews, that it fell to Ernley, as my predecessor, to invest me and say kind words which I shall always remember.

Though he had not the hitting power of his brothers, Ernley had in compensation a fine and delicate touch on the green and was in his day a good golfer. Many will remember his deadly putting with a little crook-necked, shallow-faced club, the official name of which was, I believe, the "Little Gem," though it was more generally called the "Snake in the Grass." It made him an admirable complement to his brother Ted, when the Blackwells against the Hunters was a standing dish among the four-somes made at a Match Club dinner at St. Andrews.

It is not, however, as a player that he will be best remembered by those who knew him, but as one who had an intense reverence and affection for the old traditions and rules of golf. I always thought of him as the Mrs. Battle of golf who really loved "the rigour of the game." The obituary notice in *The Times*, in describing his good work as legal adviser at the Home Office, spoke of his "integrity." That seems to me the *mot juste*, and this quality of integrity shone out of him in anything to do with golf.

As one small example I recollect that it used to be a little joke in old days at Woking that when he got into the heather there—a very easy thing to do—Ernley always refused to ground his club. As far as I know heather has never been by any rule a hazard, and there was no reason for this almost quixotic behaviour; but he was, I suppose, so scrupulous that he thought he might conceivably and in some minute degree improve the lie of his ball, and so he resolutely flourished his club above it in the air. He was a die-hard on behalf of what he thought right and becoming, and that to which he could never reconcile himself was the new rule about "deeming" a ball unplayable.

To many people it must have seemed a little absurd that a man can, if he pleases, call a ball unplayable when it is perfectly obvious that it is in fact playable. To Ernley it seemed much more than absurd: it was shocking. He had visions of somebody putting his tee shot into the dreaded Hill bunker at the eleventh hole, then playing a provisional ball and laying it stone dead, then "deeming" the first unplayable and so, without any wrestling with a niblick, getting a four. With such a creature, if there were one so base, he declared he would never play again, and I am sure he would have kept his word. Having resigned from the Rules of Golf Committee he brought this question up

at a general meeting of the Royal and Ancient. I think it must have been in 1935, for I know I was in the Chair and rather alarmed at the prospect. He expounded his views with a sincerity which could not but impress everybody, but his motion was heavily defeated.

Whether or not he was right on that particular point I am not going to argue. The new

### A Golf Commentary by BERNARD DARWIN

rule had been carefully considered and framed, and there was a great deal to be said for having a rule with which the golfers of the rest of the world, including the United States, agreed; likewise for having one rule which covered both a lost and an unplayable ball and thus simplified the position. What I will say, however, is that it was very good for golf to have one who could take, when he thought it right, a stern and unbending view and if necessary die in the last ditch for it. A good many of us are doubtless inclined, whether in golf or in more serious matters, to say that people had better have their way, even if it is a wrong way, that the point is after all not a very important one, not worth fussing about and so on.

That is what Ernley never would or could have done. He had an eminently fair and judicial mind and would not make it up quickly on any ground of prejudice, but once it was made up he would stick to his view resolutely and conscientiously to the last.

There was another point on which he felt strongly, and here I entirely agree with him, namely the casual way in which some people are apt to treat the flag at golf. They think the hitting of it, with the resulting advantage,

a piece of luck for which they are perfectly entitled to try as long as they are within the law. This seems to me to show an entire misconception of the way in which the game ought to be played. The hitting of the flag is an accident which must in the nature of things occasionally happen; but the good golfer, in the best sense of that term, does not want to hit it, and has it held if he thinks there is any chance of his hitting it.

That I know was Ernley's view, and he used to say that in his youth when he and other St. Andrews boys were playing without caddies one of them would always go forward to the flag as soon as they drew near the green. If some of these views seem rather high and dry and altogether too conservative I cannot help it, but repeat that it was an excellent thing that somebody should hold them and utterly refuse to give in to any kind of casualness or laxity. He was a very good friend to golf.

In emphasising what was an obvious point in his outlook on the game I hope I have not given a false impression. As there was no one with better golfing manners so there was no one pleasanter to play with. Whether as a partner or opponent he was as chivalrous as he was just. I have a vivid recollection of one of the last games I played with him, because I was the only one of the four who was not a Blackwell and felt somewhat dwarfed in consequence.

It was a four-ball match, and Ernley, whose handicap had now become considerable, insisted on his right number of strokes. They proved far too many for me and the unfortunate brother who was my partner. They seemed to be constantly recurring and at the shorter holes round the loop proved quite devastating. By the time he had done his three at the eleventh with a stroke to help him we were entirely crushed. I hope and believe he was pleased, though he would not say so. That, alas! is one of the many pleasant matches which "never can happen again."

## A COUNTRYWOMAN'S DIARY

By E. M. DELAFIELD

I HAVE often spoken, and written, of the beauty of Devonshire place-names. Now, however, that I have been told about three Cornish parishes of which I have not heard before, I can only—with great reluctance—give Devonshire a second place.

One of these Cornish villages is named London Apprentice. (I hope no one will tell me that this was probably in honour of a local tavern. I prefer to think of it in relation to something more like the story of Dick Whittington.)

The other two, which are, I understand, situated close together, are, respectively, Indian Queen and Knave-Go-By.

A gift, to any imaginative mind.

\* \* \*

THOSE who like travelling even under present-day conditions, generally like it because they enjoy entering into conversation with their fellow-travellers; so that present-day conditions, from one point of view, are actually in their favour. People are more ready to talk than ever before, to lend a picture-paper, even to hand round, eagerly and generously, a very limited supply of cigarettes.

Travelling in a very crowded train on a Saturday afternoon from Paddington to the west of England, a whole carriage-full of people, of whom I was one, was consulted almost with

frenzy by a young woman who wished to change at Taunton for Minehead.

A rather belated certainty that she was in the wrong train had seized upon her just as we moved out of Paddington.

We all said that the train *did* stop at Taunton. It would be all right. She would find the Minehead train waiting.

"I don't feel sure," she said.

We were not hurt, any of us, being in the strong position of knowing that we were right. Someone asked her, in the kindest and most soothing way, what the porter had said.

He had said that the train stopped at Taunton. So had the guard.

"But I don't feel sure."

Although it was by now evident that she never *would* feel sure, I tried telling her that I took this particular journey, by this very train, on an average once a fortnight—and had always changed quite successfully at Taunton—because the train always stopped there.

Everyone in the carriage then said: "There now! You see? This lady says the train *always* stops at Taunton."

"But," said the girl, more wildly than ever, "what shall I do if it doesn't?"

My heart went out to the sardonic man in the opposite corner who replied:

"Take a flying leap out of the window as you go through," which led to what is known

as "A good laugh all round" in which the girl joined as happily as anyone.

When the train did eventually stop at Taunton, she gave me a beaming smile and said: "Well, fancy! You were right, after all."

She seemed immensely surprised, but full of gratification.

I was gratified myself—though not in the least surprised—when I saw the Minehead train quietly waiting for her.

\* \* \*

**I**NSCRPTIONS in unexpected places are always fascinating. One recently quoted in the Correspondence pages of COUNTRY LIFE has reminded me of seeing a small slab, rising up out of a steep bank in a very narrow and remote West Country lane.

"On this spot — lost his life in a carriage-accident in the year 1905."

And the thought of such memorials brings to my mind the cross erected in memory of Bishop John Coleridge Patteson, missionary to the Melanesian Islands and there murdered in 1871. It stands at a cross-roads, not far from

his home at Feniton and, like most memorials of that date, is covered with inscriptions that set forth every detail of his career.

A local clergyman once told me how, some 20 or 30 years ago, he had been at the spot by chance. Anxious, and very properly, to make sure that the Bishop's memory was held in due honour, he enquired of a labourer working near by if he knew why the cross had been put there.

The labourer, with Devonian slowness and thoroughness, but with no hesitation, replied that "twere a sailor as had been murdered there, a-many years gone, by rogues passing through Ottery St. Mary on their way to Exeter—but they caught 'un and 'anged 'un, up to Woodbury Common."

I am glad to add that the clergyman, with great good feeling, made no attempt to interfere with this dramatic flight of fancy.

\* \* \*

**A** GAIN turning to the same issue of COUNTRY LIFE, I must record pleasure in the photograph of the Portsmouth house where Charles Dickens was born—at a date, 1812, which suggests an obvious analogy with this present year.

How many people have seen, with noticing eyes, the inscriptions—that I hope are still there—on the houses in which, respectively, Disraeli was born, and Daniel Defoe once lived?

One is in Theobald's Road, and the other in Stoke Newington.

\* \* \*

**P**EOPLE are still crying aloud for cottages, and other people are telling them that there are no cottages to be had. I have just seen another one, again in Oxfordshire, situated at the far end of a small village.

It has a very respectably sized living-room, a tiny kitchen, staircase and two bedrooms. (The electric light which it magnificently boasts was, I think, put in by the present tenant.)

The sanitation, though primitive, is decent—and indoors.

The rent is 3s. 6d. a week.

After the war, will these absurd, lovable, ancient and eminently liveable-in little refuges still be available?

I hope so.

## CORRESPONDENCE



(Left) Some of the Prisoners.



(Centre) Arrival of parcels.



(Right) Parcels being taken to store to await issue

### FROM A PRISONER IN GERMANY

SIR,—I enclose extracts from some further letters and some photographs from my husband, Captain P. Scott Martin. He says, July 20:

"We are preparing a Bank Holiday Fun Fair and Handicrafts Exhibition. Good Variety Show last night given by seriously wounded. Has been very hot but now cooler." July 27: "General Somerset is back with us, thank goodness, and things are pretty good. We are preparing a Fun Fair for Saturday to raise funds for troops in hospitals, and I am running an Art and Handicraft Exhibition in with it. We've got a lot of talent in the Camp. I understand that I am to be permitted to visit the village carpenter to help him make a proper stage for our entertainments. I've already helped him in the work he has been doing in camp, and it was so pleasant to wield a hammer and saw again. I'm now trying to bind a book in wood, in which, if I am successful, I shall get the camp artists to do sketches."—RENE SCOTT MARTIN, *Sf. Albans*.

### AN OLD WEIGHING MACHINE

SIR,—Perhaps the best example of one of the old weighing machines to be found anywhere is that at Soham, Cambridgeshire. It was set up about 1740 for assessing tolls for heavily laden wagons in the old turnpike days.—F. R. WINSTONE, *Bristol*. [There was quite recently a similar interesting weighing machine at Woodbridge, Suffolk.—Ed.]

### OTTER CHALLENGES CAT

SIR,—Recently I have spent some hours on the banks of a river in the Midlands, at a point where it flows through a populous industrial and agricultural centre. The banks have been tunnelled by brown rats, and local rat-catchers have been very busy in consequence. So, too, have the cats of the neighbourhood, and these animals receive every encouragement from the occupants of the houses which line one side of the river. The opposite bank is clothed with tall trees and a mass of tangled vegetation.

In pursuit of the rats, two otters have appeared upon the scene, and watchers have reported seeing them actually engaged in securing the

rats as those rodents emerged from their holes.

On one occasion, while watching from the opposite bank of the river, I saw one of the otters emerge from a dark cavity beneath the outcropping roots of a tree and approach the entrance to a rat's burrow. At the same moment, a large black tom-cat crept down the bank. Cat and otter met. Instantly the cat bridled. The otter uttered an angry chattering sound and, without hesitation, advanced towards the cat, which retreated at full speed up the bank. Spitting, the feline turned; but the sight of the pursuer advancing up the bank like a thick brown snake, and with menacing jaws, was terrifying. Gaining the top of the bank, the cat leapt over a low stone wall and disappeared. The otter, after looking around, quickly ran down the bank and entered the water.

An observer who lives in the vicinity of the scene of this incident tells me that, on a previous

occasion, he has seen the otter and its mate drive off another cat.—CLIFFORD W. GREATORREX.

[We sent our correspondent's letter to Miss Pitt, who has had much experience with otters, and she replies: "All my otters have had an aversion to cats. Madame Moses delighted in chasing any cat she met, and when puss went aloft she tried to climb the tree after it. Being very active she often succeeded in getting some way aloft. My present pet otter, Spitfire, though well acquainted with the household cats, does not like them, and drives them out if they come into her quarters."—Ed.]

### WHERE SWALLOWS ASSEMBLED

SIR,—I am greatly interested in the articles in your extremely educative journal, and would like to attempt to answer a question put by Major Jarvis in your issue of August 8, in which he states that "a point which puzzles me is where did the swallows and martins assemble to talk over their annual exodus in the autumn before telegraph lines were there, which are now so admirably suited to accommodate them."

I used as a young man to watch these beautiful birds congregate in hundreds in the reeds of a large lake (now overgrown) above the mill dam at a place between Framfield and Buxted in Sussex. They did not attempt to settle in the willows surrounding the lake, but in the round-stemmed rushes and reeds only, and they made a lively chorus. I watched them for several years, and it was always at the same place.

While on the subject of these birds I should like to ask how it was, after an absence of seven years, martins came back to nest under the eaves of my house in Catford, London, S.E., although it was the only house in the long road where martins had built during the 16 years I lived there. Do martins live and remember so long as that?—C. H. BROWN, 47, Dutton Street, Greenwich, S.E.10.

[It is remarkable how birds of various species will return after a lapse of time to some particular nesting site. Ravens reappearing in a district from which they had long vanished made for the same nesting haunt used of old. Merlins, although many are shot by gamekeepers, revert season after season to the same nesting place. It seems that such sites are especially attractive and that it is not a matter of a former occupant remembering an old home.—Ed.]



A WEIGHING MACHINE OF THE TURNPIKE DAYS





THE NEW GATES AT PARSONAGE HOUSE, STANTON HARCOURT

### PARSONAGE HOUSE, STANTON HARCOURT

SIR,—Your photographs and articles on this house, which I had the pleasure of reconditioning for All Souls' College, were delightful (July 19 and 26).

I enclose a photograph showing the wrought-iron gates which I erected last year, since your photographs were taken, in place of the wooden gates into the forecourt. These gates were based on the seventeenth-century ironwork in Stanton Harcourt Church, and were made in wrought-iron by Messrs. John H. Pye, Limited, of Moreton-in-the-Marsh. The whole work at this house was carried out by Gloucestershire craftsmen.—R. F. DODD, *Oxford*.

### A SURREY CHARACTER

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of a remarkable Surrey character—82-years-old Mr. William Hill of Camelsdale—who claims distinction for three things.

First, he has been making straw bee-skeps for 76 years, and is one of the few craftsmen of the kind left. He is believed to be the oldest man of his craft living, and he has undoubtedly been doing the work longer than anyone else.

Secondly, he has a remarkable reputation as a wart charmer. He has cured hundreds in his time, but never once has he taken a penny, for he says that if he did so he would lose the power.

Then Mr. Hill is also famous for growing mistletoe bushes on fruit trees. Many are the people he has taught the secrets of this, but no one has ever been successful. Yet every fruit tree in Mr. Hill's garden can boast large clusters of mistletoe.—NORMAN WYMER, *Appleacre, Ashacre Lane, Worthing*.

### A STRANGE EPITAPH

SIR,—This is one of oldest decipherable epitaphs on a tombstone in one of the oldest churchyards

in this country, Christchurch Priory, Hampshire.

The story is that these 10 brothers were drowned at sea and first buried on shore near where they were found. Years after it was considered best that they should be re-interred in consecrated ground.

"Men of Strife" probably alludes to the fact that they were buried in leaden coffins and lead being very valuable in the Civil War, the bodies were exhumed and the coffins taken.—F. R. WINSTONE, *Bristol*.

### THE SPOTTED FLY-CATCHER'S NEST

From Sir Thomas Best.

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of a spotted flycatcher and the nest it elected to build on an old mop left outside the kitchen door here.

The birds paid little attention to the continual coming and going of delivery vans and staff within a few feet of their family, who were all hatched and brought up successfully.—T. A. V. BEST, *Coleton Fishacre, Kingswear, Dartmouth*.

[The spotted flycatcher is often a confiding little bird, but we do not recall a previous case of one nesting on an upturned mop, indeed we think the mop deserves high place among peculiar bird nesting sites. Normally this flycatcher nests in recesses, such as a hole in a wall or on a door ledge.

—ED.]

### A YELPING BLACKBIRD

SIR,—I have heard that it is possible to teach captive blackbirds to imitate the human voice, but I have never heard one myself. I have, however, now discovered definite evidence of their imitative capacities.

I have a field next door to my house in which are a few rabbits, and my Scotch terrier takes a great delight in accompanying me round this field. When we turn out a rabbit and it bolts, the dog gives chase, but sets up a loud yelp the whole time



THE BEE-SKEP MAKER AT WORK

he is running, evidently annoyed that his short legs do not give him enough speed.

A blackbird in the vicinity has now copied this yelp and has included it in his repertoire of songs. Each spring now for most of the day-time



A NEST IN AN OLD MOP

we hear this yelp reproduced to perfection. For some time I thought it was the dog chasing a rabbit, but later discovered that it was a blackbird singing.

—CHARLES J. HOBSON, *Hill Close, Berkswell, Warwickshire*.

[We have not had the good fortune to hear a blackbird imitate a dog as described by our correspondent, but have frequently heard starlings mimic a variety of countryside sounds.—ED.]

### HOME GUARD, 1798

SIR,—A document hanging in the church of St. Fillans, Aberdour, Fifeshire, is of particular interest at the present time. The wording is as follows:

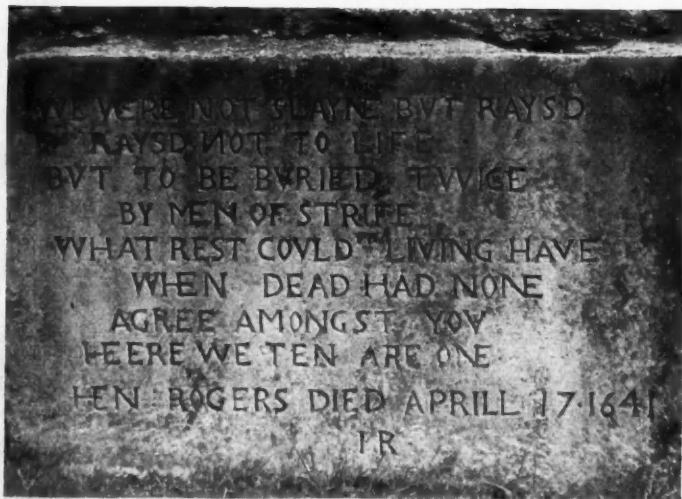
"We subscribers and each of us members of the Corps of Aberdour Volunteers do solemnly promise and swear that we will be faithful and bear true allegiance to His Majesty King George the Third and that we will as Volunteers faithfully obey the Officers appointed by His Majesty to command us and in every respect act properly in our several stations in terms of the Acts of Parliament passed in the 34th year of the reign of His Present Majesty commonly called the Volunteer Acts and in terms of the offer of Service transmitted by us to the Lord Lieutenant of the County. 31st July, 1798."

Then follow about 75 signatures.

The Volunteers of those days were, of course, expecting an invasion from Napoleon.—H. E. THORNTON, 40, *Pine Walk, Woodmansterne, Banstead, Surrey*.

### THE CRITIC

SIR,—You may like to see this photograph taken in Worcestershire more than 40 years ago, when the late Earl of Dudley was Master of the Worcestershire Hounds and used to motor to the meet, being probably one of the first M.F.H.'s to do so. The rustic spectator looks appropriately disapproving.—M. W., *Herefordshire*.



EPITAPH ON TEN BROTHERS BURIED TOGETHER



THE MOTOR AT THE MEET (Circa 1901)



HOLLOWED OUT OF A SINGLE OAK TREE



THE GIANT'S SHOE, A COMPARISON

## THE STORIES OF THE RATTLEBONE INN

SIR,—Of one of Cromwell's men, the grim story is told that in a battle of the Civil War he was badly wounded in the stomach, but by holding a tile against his side as shown on the inn-sign at Sherston, Wiltshire, he was able to carry on. "Well done, Rattlebones," cried Oliver, "fight away, and I'll give you Sherston and Pinckney."



THE SIGN OF THE RATTLEBONE INN

But another legend is that John Rattlebone fought the Danes in 1016 when Edmund Ironside met them here: you take your choice.—SEDGEMOOR SERJEANT.

## HOBBOLED CAMELS

SIR,—Your readers might be interested in this method of hobbling camels. It may for all I know be common in the Near East, but I have seen it only at the oasis in the Sahara where this photograph was taken. Incidentally, the Humber car and trailer in the background bring back pleasant memories of days when travel was as free and enjoyable as one cared to make it.—C. D. H., London, S.W.1.

## COWS AND HORSES

SIR,—I am interested in your correspondent's enquiry as to why cows and horses rise from the ground, one fore legs first the other hind legs first? Surely the physiological reason is obvious.

In rising, the horse, using his strong muscular force from the shoulder, inevitably twists his hind quarters to wriggle upwards to get on to his hoofs—whereas the cow carefully lifts her hind quarters first in order that the udder may be well cleared from the ground, free from any subsequent injury from cramped movement of her limbs while her shoulders rest upon her knees—she can arise from her knees when her hind quarters are well balanced and standing clear. The excellent photographs in your issue of July 5 show very clearly the important difference by the position of the hind quarters of each animal taken at the moment of rising.—MARY LAWRENCE-JONES, Wilmington House, Harrow-on-the-Hill.

## HAWKSHEAD'S DUG-OUT CHEST

SIR,—As an addition to your article on Hawkshead, (Sept. 5), may I send this picture of a remarkable old chest which may be seen in Hawkshead Church,—the church so loved by Wordsworth and mentioned in his works several times. The chest is hollowed out of a single oak tree and is some 10ft. long. It was made, according to the local story, in 1603 to house the parish records and valuables, and it was at one time complete with three padlocks—one for the minister and one each for the churchwardens—so that it could only be opened in the presence of all three.

It is said to have been made out of one of the great tie-beams removed from the roof of the church.

While on a recent visit to Hawkshead, I was amazed to see, treasured as an exhibit at the Queen's Head Inn there, a huge shoe some twenty inches long.

Enquiries revealed that this remarkable piece of footwear is known as the "Haksid Girt Clog" and was made about 150 years ago by a cobbler named John Rigg for John Waterson, of Outgate, the local mole-catcher.

Waterson is known to have been a giant in stature and lived to a great age, but is it really possible for a man to require a shoe 20 inches long?

I enclose a photo of this dainty piece of foot-wear and its gigantic proportions will readily be realised when compared with my own shoe alongside.

—P. H. LOVELL, Albury Drive, Pinner, Middlesex.

## THE JUDAS TREE

SIR,—I agree with A. Mayo (Aug. 29) as to the beauty of Judas trees, but so many people consider that they bring bad luck.

Several times I have sent them to Scottish relations, who have refused to plant them! They are very beautiful in Yugoslavia, by the Adriatic.—MARGARET STANCOMB ADAMSON, Teg Down House, Weeke, Winchester.

## SEVEN DIALS

SIR,—Whilst passing through Weybridge recently I came across a curious link with Old London. In Baker Street, may be seen a hexagonal block of stone and a column—the original "Seven Dials" stone, from the well-known circus near Charing Cross Road.

However, the curious point is that although there are seven streets radiating from the "Seven Dials," the stone, is only six sided. The explanation for this inconsistency is that when the streets were planned many years ago provision was made for only six, but apparently a seventh street was added as an afterthought. A lack of co-operation between the road-maker and the stone mason resulted in the "Seven Dials" stone being made according to the original plan—with six sides only. This was never corrected. The stone originally had a sun-dial on each of its six sides.

In 1774 a further complication arose, when rumour spread that treasure was buried beneath the stone, consequently it was uprooted; the sponsors being so disappointed that the stone was never relaid.

Instead it was transported to Weybridge, Surrey, where the column was used as a memorial to the Duchess of York who had died at Oaklands in 1820. The dial stone became a mounting block outside a local hotel until the local council realised its curious history some years ago and set it up in its present position in Baker Street.—PLOVER.

[Evelyn (Diary, October 5, 1694) gives the approximate date of the layout of Seven Dials. "I went to see the building near St. Giles, where seven streets made a star, from a Doric pillar placed in the middle of a circular area, said to be built by Mr. Neale, introducer of the late lotteries, in imitation of those of Venice." The *New View of London* (1708) records that at that time only four of the seven streets had been actually built.

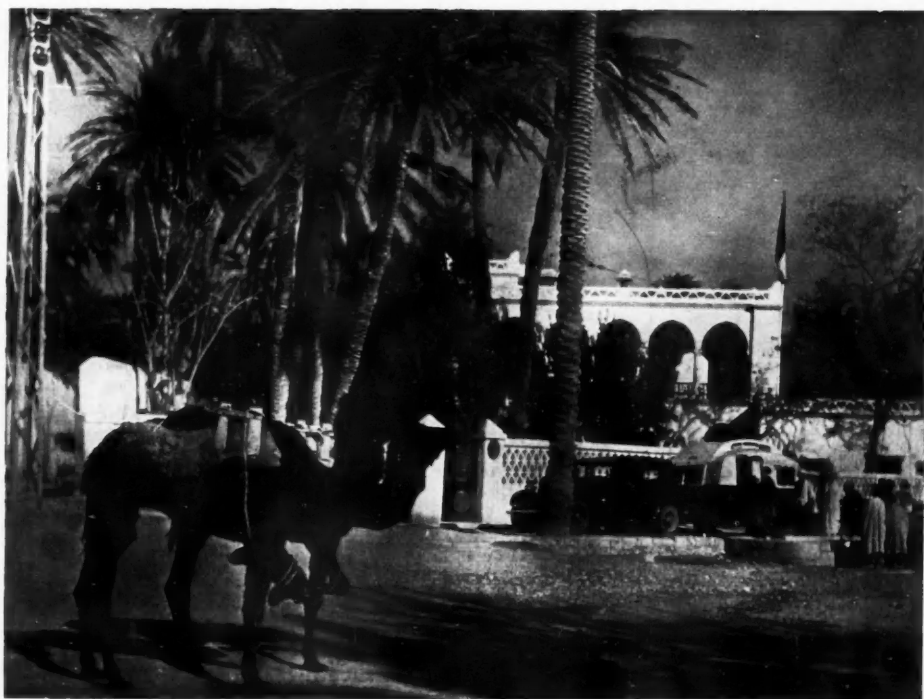


THE ORIGINAL SEVEN DIALS STONE

The fact that the Seven Dials were really only six is noted by Walford (London Old and New); but seems not to have been generally recognised. Gay (*Trivia*) duly took the number for granted. Here to seven streets Seven Dials count their day And from each other catch the circling ray.

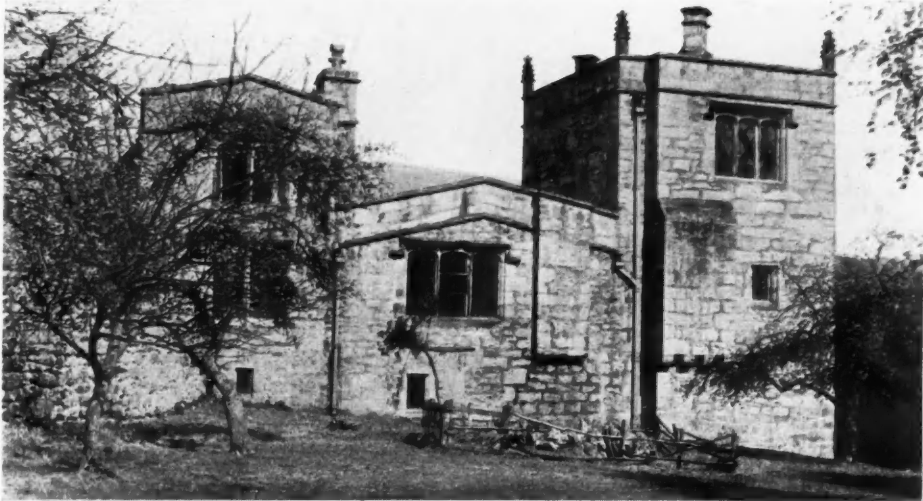
The elevation of the column, notorious for the shadiness of its surroundings, into a memorial to a Royal Duchess forestalled Gilbert's lines.

Hearts just as pure and fair  
May beat in Belgrave Square  
As in the lowly air  
Of Seven Dials!—ED.]



ANCHORING THE SHIPS OF THE DESERT





BOTH A CHURCH AND A FARM PARLOUR; AT BARDEN

## RAID ON PEEWITS' NESTS

SIR,—While I was sitting by the roadside, my attention was drawn to a flock of peewits. The birds, which hitherto had been keeping vigil in their peaceful surroundings, showed signs of uneasiness. And, uttering the alarm cry, they rose in a cloud, flying with criss-cross movement in my direction.

For a moment I could see no reason to account for this sudden alarm. I had not long to wait, however, to discover the cause, for suddenly there appeared a weasel, hurrying with thread-like

movement through the rough pasture of the field.

Mobbed overhead by the noisy peewits making their rapid dives, the weasel hurried on. Climbing a rough stone wall, it crossed the road, disappearing into the dyke on the opposite side.

At this sudden disappearance of the weasel, the peewits wheeled round like flashes in the air, and with heavy flop-like movements, flew back to protect their nesting ground.

There seems little doubt that the weasel had appeared among these peace-loving birds to steal their young or eggs.

But the robber did not get his dinner. Instead he fled the field, carrying his short black tail behind him.—E. M. CRAN, *Bridge of Alford, Aberdeenshire.*

[The fact that the animal showed a "black tail" indicates it was a stoat, not a weasel, the latter having no black on the tail, whereas the former, even when its dons winter white, always bears a pencil of dark hairs on its tail. Although the stoat is not averse to "feather" if it chances upon a young bird, it is primarily a rabbit hunter.—Ed.]

## BARDEN CHURCH

SIR,—As a footnote to Mr. Chamberlain's interesting letter on churches that serve as houses in your May 17 issue, it may be of interest that Wharfedale has an edifice in this category. The lower part of Barden Church tower serves as the parlour of the adjoining farmhouse.

This must be one of very few examples wherein a church serves in both capacities at the same time, though there are many instances of Nonconformist chapels being purchased for use in secular ways.—A. GAUNT, 45, *Haworth Road, Bradford.*

## NO HOUSE SPARROWS!

SIR,—Three years ago I counted 177 magpies in one bunch, and there were then many more, before they flew away. They were evidently migrating in October.

Can you tell me why there are no house sparrows here? Not one has been seen for 60 years. Before then round the farm buildings I had no trouble in getting a hat full of eggs. We also have nearly lost our rooks. During the last war they were reduced from at one time 190 nests to 14; since then there have been over 100, but this year there is only one nest. I never have any shot, and no trees have been cut. Jackdaws, too, are going. Most years we have killed 400 to 500, but this year only six, as they have pretty well all left.—J. WILLIAMS, *Scorrier, Cornwall.*

## THE COLT OF THE YEAR

## SUN CASTLE AND SOME OTHERS

ON form—if after the topsy-turvy running of the three-year-olds this season such a means of comparison is excusable—it is a debatable point as to whether Mr. J. A. Dewar's filly Commotion or Lord Portal's colt Sun Castle is the better of their age. There is no disputing the fact that Sun Castle's victory in the substitute St. Leger at Manchester, following as it did upon his ready win in the St. Simon Stakes at Newbury, entitles him to be regarded as the best three year old of his sex and superior, if only slightly, to Château Larose and Mazarin, who can be regarded as the best of the others in what is not by any flight of the imagination a vintage year.

Bred by Enid Countess of Chesterfield—who, incidentally, is listing an own yearling brother to him for sale at the Newmarket October Sales—at her delightfully appointed Beningbrough Stud near York, Sun Castle, who is an April foal, is a well made, easy actioned, powerful-quartered bay. Like the Derby winner Owen Tudor, Sun Castle is by the Derby and St. Leger winner Hyperion, a chestnut son of the war-time triple-crown and Ascot Gold Cup victor Gainsborough out of Selene, a staying Chaucer mare. She was successful in 15 races, including the Park Hill Stakes and the Hampton Court Great Three Year Old Stakes, of in all £14,386. This is a grand tail-male line and on the other side of his ancestry Sun Castle is equally well bred as he belongs to the No. 22 Bruce Lowe family. This originated in a mare by Sir Marmaduke Wyvill's Belgrade Turk, a horse who was captured at the second siege of Belgrade in 1717 by General Merci and, after passing through several hands, was purchased by Sir Marmaduke Wyvill at whose stud, at Constable Burton, he died somewhere about 1740.

That is, just possibly, ancient history, but a link-up with the present day comes through Sun Castle's fourth dam Stella. A daughter of Necromancer, and not to be confused with the Stellas by Brother to Strafford, by High Treason and by Scottish Chief, this particular Stella never ran but, as a matron, became responsible for such good horses as the Irish Oaks victress Blakestown, grandam of the Cesarewitch winner Eagle's Pride; Fairyland, a winner of the Baldoy Stakes and third dam of the Derby and St. Leger winner Trigo and the other produce of his dam Athasi; Glenesky, who won seven events including the Phoenix Park Plate and the Molyneux Plate of, in all, £4,204 and later became the sire of the winners of 25½ races worth

£4,518½; Soliman's Star the dam of the Curragh Derby winner Soliman's Orb (£2,704); Flying Orb, a winner of five events including the Portland Plate, and sire of the successful colts or fillies in races worth £59,977½; Fainne Gael, a winner and the dam of winners; and Sun Castle's third dam Zenith.

A daughter of Lesterlin (£3,407) and so an own-sister to Blakestown, Fairyland and Glenesky, Zenith won a number of small events in Ireland and then passed on her line to San Benito; the Windsor Castle Stakes winner, Alaric, and Perfection a daughter of the Derby winner Orby, who was sold as a foal for 1,725gs. and, later, was passed on to the Dowager Lady Nunburnholme for 610gs. For her new owner she bred the Atlantic Cup victor Prester John (£2,595); Racedale a winner of the Royal Standard Stakes and the Kempton Park Great Jubilee Stakes of £5,278; the Eclipse Stakes victor Loaningdale (£12,671); and Sun Castle's dam Castle Gay.

So, save for writing that Sun Castle is the third get of his dam who, as she should be, was of very similar age to his sire when he was foaled, his story ends until, next season, his name comes up for consideration as a Cup competitor. Somehow in this new sphere his chances do not read impressively. Maybe it is because in his last two races—both victories—he carried the "red light" sign in the shape of blinkers; maybe it is that he has shown an inability to perform or stretch himself on hard going, but the chances of both Château Larose and Mazarin, as four year olds, have more appeal. Both by French-bred sires—the French Derby winner Château Bouscaut (Kircubbin) and the French Derby and Grand Prix de Paris winner Mieuxce who was by the Ascot Gold Cup victor Massine—Château Larose comes of the No. 3 Bruce Lowe family. This took origin in a daughter of the Byerley Turk and has earned prominence in recent years mainly through Château Larose's third dam Silver Fowl.

Bred in Ireland and by the St. Leger winner Wildfowler, Silver Fowl, who was a chestnut,

won a number of races, including the Downshire Stakes and the National Produce Stakes, in her native country and was then brought over here by the late Sir Edward Hulton and, after being reprieved from death to which she had been sentenced following an accident in barbed wire, settled down as a matron. She became the dam of such as the Cambridgeshire winner Silver Tag; the Derby and Oaks victress Fifinella; the Coronation Cup hero Silvern and Château Larose's grandam Soubriquet, a daughter of the Derby winner Lemberg, who won the Tudor Stakes, the Duke of York Stakes and other races of in all £4,771.

At Sir Edward Hulton's death she was sold to Mr. H. E. Morriss for 12,500gs. and for him bred the unbeaten horse Tai Yang, who now stands at the Banstead Manor Stud, and Château Larose's dam Pasca who has also bred the Two Thousand Guineas winner Pasch, Pascal (£3,569) and Paques. A good horse and bred to stay for ever, Château Larose is of the type to train on and seems sure to be Sun Castle's main opponent next season. ROYSTON.



SUN CASTLE, WINNER OF THE ST. LEGER STAKES AT MANCHESTER, WITH THE FRENCH JOCKEY G. BRIDGLAND UP

## FARMING NOTES

## NATURAL "FERTILITY" AND INDUCED "CONDITION"

**M**R. MANSFIELD gave the Farmers' Club a very useful paper on the maintenance of land fertility in war-time. As well as being the Director of the University Farm at Cambridge, Mr. Mansfield is one of the Minister of Agriculture's Liaison Officers, and, as he boasted to the meeting, he has, as he goes round 11 counties, probably recently seen as much of farming as anyone there. His views about farming generally have always been sound, as listeners to the wireless farming talks well know. At this meeting he tried to draw clearly the distinction which is often missed in talking about soil fertility. There is a difference between "fertility" and "condition." As he said, "fertility," used in its strictest sense, refers to something which is inherent in the soil, something over which the farmer has no control, something for which he pays rent. This inherent or natural fertility depends on several factors, the most important being the texture of the soil, its depth, the nature of the sub-soil and the climate. This, in his view, is what the term "fertility" really means when it is properly used.

"**CONDITION**" is something which the farmer can control, for which he alone is responsible. It is true enough that high condition is often mistaken for inherent fertility. There is nothing more deceptive as a guide to fertility than the crops growing on really well-farmed land in a season which has happened to suit it. In a phrase, Mr. Mansfield defined fertility as "immunity to season," for this is perhaps the major difference between land worth £50 an acre and land which is only worth £10. But it was not this kind of fertility—which is inherent in the soil—that the Farmers' Club members wanted to discuss. That remains constant, war or no war. It was rather the condition, something which may be influenced by war and something which the farmer can control, that is of real topical interest. If land

is to be kept in good heart so that it is capable of growing satisfactory crops, these stipulations must be fulfilled: It must be kept drained, the lime content must be adequate, it must be kept clean, the humus content must be maintained, and the supply of available plant food must be maintained.

**T**HERE was probably never a period in our agricultural history when so much drainage work was being done in this country as at present. It needed doing badly enough. There were, and still are, many years of arrears to be made good, but with the generous Government grants at the rate of 50 per cent. now available, there is no money being spent by farmers or landowners to-day which will give a better return. With Government assistance millions of tons of lime have been distributed on the land in the past few years and the good work is still going on. This is another investment that cannot fail to show a dividend, assuming, of course, that the land to which the lime is applied is really lime-deficient. Some lime has been wasted because the farmer did not have a simple test made. Keeping the land clean depends mainly on cropping and tillage. The land must be cropped in such a way that regular opportunities are presented for cleaning it.

**W**E all know that root crops are good cleaning crops, but a root crop improperly managed is the very reverse of a cleaning crop and there are plenty of this kind to be seen about just now after a green summer. As Mr. Mansfield said, nothing will foul land more than a root crop only half done or not done at all. In war-time, when we have to devote more of our land than usual to corn crops, autumn cultivations are tremendously important. It is amazing how much can be done to clean land by breaking it up immediately the crop has been removed and pulling it about for a week or two. Time is the essence

of the contract and the tractor is invaluable. There are 100,000 tractors at work to-day—twice the number there were at the outbreak of war. So if full use is made of all this new power our land ought—it is pleasant to reflect—to be as clean or cleaner after the war than it was before.

**M**ANY people with quite large gardens have lost their skilled gardeners in the last few weeks and this has certainly been a blow to food production. In a good many cases it has been possible to recruit someone, perhaps rather unskilled, to carry on with the occasional help of a really skilled man who works in someone else's garden near by. As the Army needs more men it is right and proper for a fit young fellow, working in a private garden which may still be largely maintained for pleasure purposes, to be called up for the Army, but when it comes to an experienced gardener of 40 who is cultivating an acre and a half or two acres of vegetable ground, there is every reason for the War Agricultural Committees to proceed cautiously.

**W**HAT is happening in some cases is that the owner of the garden gives an undertaking that more land will be cultivated for vegetables, and on this assurance his man is allowed a respite of three months at any rate with the prospect of further postponement. In cases where it is clear that the man, even if he is about 40, is not devoting his time mainly to food production, the War Agricultural Committees are insisting that he should either find employment with a farmer in the neighbourhood on full-time agricultural work, or else join up with one of the Committee's labour gangs for land reclamation work. Some critics of these arrangements say there ought to be a hard and fast rule, but the interests of food production are best served if each case is considered on its merits.

## THE ESTATE MARKET

## BUYERS COMPETING FOR LARGE ACREAGES

**S**O keen are investors to acquire land that their purchases of large acreages are little likely to be much reduced by re-sales. Thus the "break-up" of estates is relatively on a small scale, and indeed here and there the contrary is seen, adjoining land being sought by the buyers for the enlargement of already extensive acquisitions.

## MARGAM SOLD TO A SYNDICATE

**W**ALES is less often than Scotland in the news as regards estate transactions of the first magnitude, but it is a long while since anywhere so large an acreage has been dealt with as in the sale, now announced unofficially, of the Margam estate. No statement has been issued by any of the agents or others said to be connected with the sale, but local reports have it that a syndicate has acquired the major part of Margam, and that portions of their purchase will be offered for re-sale in due course. The burden of taxation is, in this as in innumerable other instances, said to be the reason for the sale. The vendors' agents were Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. The 30,000 acres of Margam have as their central point the castle and park, and the land comprises about 125 large farms, and the Royal Porthcawl golf course, as well as hundreds of houses.

The Talbot family, notably Miss Talbot, the owners for a long period, of Margam, seem to have been fair and even indulgent landlords, judging from the references made to their various rent reductions, in that by no means laudatory document about landlords, the Report of the Royal Commission on Land in Wales and Monmouthshire.

## THE RECORDS OF MARGAM

**M**ARGAM is a place of exceptional interest historically, and passing by the shadowy legends of Ancient British, Roman and other occupation of this part of South Wales, we are on firmer ground to a certain extent, with Dugdale and the *Annales de Margam* (not Margam, be it remarked), printed in the second volume of Gales' *Scriptores*. Both these authorities incline to the opinion that the Abbey was founded in 1147, although Camden prefers to put the date a few years later. A large collection of original Charters of the Abbey can be seen in the Harleian MSS. in

the British Museum, the earliest of which, a Papal Bull by Urban III, is dated 1186. Leland says that the Abbey enjoyed the right of the gift of sanctuary. King John excused Margam Abbey (as a mark of his appreciation of the hospitality shown him there when he was going to and from Ireland), from any contribution on the occasion of his onerous levy on Cistercian establishments. Soon after the Dissolution of the Monasteries, Sir Rice Mansel acquired the site and lands appurtenant to the Abbey, and he built a house on part of the Abbey itself. His family held the property until 1750. The mansion, which was enlarged and altered from time to time, was of local stone, and included a good deal of material from the Abbey. About 100 years ago the building of a large mansion in the Tudor style was begun.

## THE MARGAM ORANGERY

**A** CURIOUS story is told of the gardens of Margam. An old writer says: "There is no record of the formation of the splendid orangery, an unusual appendage to a gentleman's residence. Tradition has it that this celebrated collection of exotics was intended as a present from a Dutch merchant to Queen Mary, consort of William III, but the vessel conveying it having been stranded on the coast here, the choice cargo was claimed as the property of the lord of the manor, and a house, 150 feet long, was erected to hold the plants. In 1787 Mr. Talbot built a new greenhouse, 327 feet in length, and in 1800 he added a conservatory 150 feet in length." He goes on to describe the healthy and luxuriant state of the orangery and all its neighbouring plants and trees, and rather rashly affirms that "some of the specimens are the largest of their kind in the world." The authentic Roman remains in the district include Bodvoc Stone. The mineral wealth of the locality is hardly surpassed anywhere.

## PEEBLESHIRE PROPERTY—CASTLECRAIG

**T**HE mansion of Adam character and probably the work of the Adam Brothers, Castlecraig, has in recent years had a considerable sum spent on it, in the substitution of fire-resisting floors for the old wooden ones, and in other ways that have brought it to a great degree of residential excellence, without

in the least impairing its old-world tone. This Peebleshire property, not a great distance from the Pentland Hills, extends to 2,900 acres, and it is intersected by the Tarth, a tributary of the Tweed. This gives good fishing, and there is a grouse moor, and the low-ground shooting is first-rate. The estate is economical in upkeep, thanks to the lavish outlay that has been made on really permanent improvements, such as fencing and so forth. There are mineral springs on the property, of great repute now for fully 150 years. In *A Statistical Account of Scotland* (printed by William Creech) Sir John Sinclair, Bt., said "There is a copious sulphureous spring near Kirkud House" (the original Celtic name of the property). "A chemical analysis of it was made some years ago by Dr. Black of Edinburgh, by which it was found to be stronger than the sulphureous water at Moffat but weaker than that at Harrogate. It has been used with success in several distempers." It may be noted that that description of the water simply as "sulphureous" was written long before radio-activity was known to be one of the most valuable elements of such springs. The possibility of establishing a hydro-pathic there is being considered. Castlecraig originally belonged to the Geddes family, who held Peebleshire land for 1,100 years. In 1750, the Carmichaels acquired it, and they held it until the year 1905, when Sir Thomas Carmichael, Bt., sold it to the late Mr. James Mann, a Glasgow magnate. Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. are the agents appointed to receive offers of purchase.

## BENINGTON PLACE, STEVENAGE

**M**R. STANLEY BEETON'S executors have decided to dispose of the Benington Place estate, near Stevenage. The eighteenth-century house in a park of 80 acres, overlooks the 900 acres, on which are a couple of large farms and two first-rate residences. The late owner enjoyed the tenure of Benington Place for only two years or thereabouts, for it was not until just before the outbreak of the present war that he bought it. During that brief period Mr. Beeton was lavish in his expenditure in improvements, the benefit of which will now accrue to the purchaser to whom Messrs. Jackson Stops and Staff succeed in selling it. Subject to the possibility of an acceptable offer in the meantime Mr. Jackson Stops will submit Benington Place to auction at the end of October.

ARBITER.



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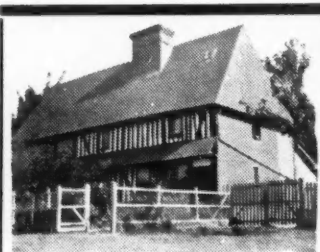


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## NEW BOOKS

# THE FIRST GREAT WAR BOOK

Reviews by HOWARD SPRING

ON September 9, 1939, a squadron of British fighter pilots—a dozen men—arrived in France. The first eight months of their stay were not very lively for them. It was the period of what the Americans called the "phony" war. During that time the pilots of the squadron destroyed 26 enemy aircraft and lost one pilot.

Then things suddenly woke up, and in nine days—May 10 to 19, 1940—fighting was continuous and terrible. In that brief time 114 enemy aircraft (mostly fighters) were destroyed; and the British squadron lost two pilots "missing," two wounded, and one prisoner of war.

One of the pilots, who has recorded the life of the squadron during this time, writes: "Considering our casualties, this is a record that will probably never be equalled. The figures may seem almost incredible; but, in spite of the difficulty of confirming victories, they are not exaggerated."

This record is published by Messrs. Batsford under the title *Fighter Pilot* (6s.), but the author's name is not given. His photograph, however, is in the book. He is the one called Paul, shown here with all the others: the Bull, Kilby, Stratters, Pussy, and the rest, whose exploits the author chronicles. It is not likely, I think, that we shall be given a more intimate glimpse than we have here of the hopes and fears, the swift exultations and the dark despairs, that make up the emotional life of these few to whom, as Mr. Churchill said, so many owe so much.

The record, it seems, was made bit by bit while these matters were in progress and thus it has first-hand authority. It amounted to a very large volume, which one hopes will be published some day. This is a condensation, though nothing has been faked or altered. Even the language remains—the profane outbursts that are the fitting expression of the author's spirit in moments of stress.

The first time the author brought down a German 'plane, he prayed for the dead aviator. "I remember going over to the village church opposite our mess to say a prayer for the German I had killed before I got too boozy. The door was locked, so I knelt on the steps and prayed for him and his family and those who loved him, and for Germany."

He gave up praying for the enemy. Perhaps he thought him past praying for as he watched him blazing away into the milling hordes of refugees, and, later on, as he himself lay in a hospital from whose roof the Red Cross had been hastily erased because it was certain to attract enemy fire. In this hospital he was operated on by a French doctor who blew out his brains as the Germans marched in.

We get to know this pilot and his comrades inside out. Never struggling after a "literary" achievement, he nevertheless makes us feel the bond between them, the stress and strain that make them cross and touchy with one another, the deep emotional attachment of men who do not know from moment to moment whether they will look on one another's faces again.

We are given descriptions of air-fights—solitary fights and fights in formation; we live through tremendous moments with bullets pattering on the 'planes, shells tearing through the wings, flames enveloping the pilot, and then the fall through the air on the parachute or in a machine that may or may not come down right side up. Go to the author himself for the description of his last fight, in which, with both arms temporarily paralysed, he plunged to earth, screaming with fright.

He is frank. He admits his fears—till the moment of action came. Then "one's brain became coldly clear, and one was in an instant transformed into a cool, calculating killer."

What they might have done, these splendid men, if those who lied to us had been telling the truth and our Air Force had been as strong as we were told! Listen to this pilot; we can understand the profanity and venom of his words. He isn't praying now: "We hadn't wanted this bloody war, with all its filthy muck, that the Germans seemed to think so fine; but we had been forced to fight. 'And now that we are fighting,' we thought, 'we'll teach your bloody Huns how to fight. We'll shoot your snotty fighters out of the sky, we'll rip your foul great bombers to shreds, we'll make you wish to God you'd never seen an aeroplane. We'll teach you to make war!' We knew we could, too, if we were reinforced."

Those italics are the author's own. They mark the tragic undercurrent of this whole heroic story, told here in a book which is, so far as I have come across them, the first great war book to be written by a combatant in the present struggle.

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Walt Whitman wrote: "Every-day comes out of the people, every-day people, the people as you find them and leave them; people, people, just people." And this is quite true; but you must remember that everything means everything; it includes evil as well as good.

Mr. J. B. Priestley's little book *Out of the People* (Heinemann and Collins, 2s. 6d.) tends to overlook this, to assume that only good will henceforth come "out of the people," and that evil is something thrust upon them from heaven knows where. He is bitter, for example, about our political leadership during the 20 years between the wars, and well he need be; but this, too, came "out of the people."

"It is my conviction," he writes, "that under the stress and challenge of war the people have left their lethargy behind for good." For myself, I think we need to look pretty sharply at phrases like "for good." We have heard them before. Eternity is a long time. To tread the straight and narrow way continuously takes a lot of doing; and there really is no evidence, based on man's conduct in the past, for the assumption that he will be, in all future time, a creature of sweetness and wisdom.

We can hope that he will be so, and that hope lays upon us the obligation to work to make him so, which primarily means to make ourselves so; but beyond this we cannot go.



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It is not a bad thing, though, to have a few robustious *francs-tireurs* like Mr. Priestley trying to keep us all right by hearty assurances that we can't go wrong, and slinging his broadsides into a great number of manifest evils. Most of the things which he desires to see brought down and established among men commend themselves to the conscience and common sense of nearly all of us. He puts our aspirations pithily and well: "Better to be ourselves, our talents shining, for ever eagerly looking forward, in a frugal and rough-and-ready community, where a bit of luxury is a birthday treat, than to wither in a society that abounds in luxury but knows little of freedom and the innocent happiness of creation."

That is something to look forward to and to work for; and we shall attain it when the people have indeed "left their lethargy behind for good"; not only this British people, but the people of all the world.

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*The Blind Man's House*, by Sir Hugh Walpole (Macmillan, 8s. 6d.), is a commonplace novel with a pretence to depths that are not there. It is about a wealthy blind man, Julius Cromwell, and Celia, his second wife, much younger than he was himself. Julius took Celia down to his great house in Cornwall, or Gleshire as it is called here; and soon thereafter these two entertained many of the local people to a picnic.

"As the meal proceeds, they all feel a little queer—queer not from the food and drink. Oh no! But they are being fed by a blind man. Soon they will be accustomed to him, of course. But will they? Won't he always be outside their world, reminding them of more worlds than their own, worlds more dangerous, worlds leading to other worlds?"

I should say the answer to this is no. The average commonplace person—and all the persons at the picnic

come under that head—certainly is not led by a blind man's presence to think of "worlds more dangerous, worlds leading to other worlds." If they do, it is the novelist's business to show them doing it, and Sir Hugh Walpole's doesn't do that.

The tale boils down to the old theme of estrangement between man and wife, ending in reconciliation, this being worked out amid a set of people who are observed and presented well enough on the surface.

\*\*\*

*Frenchman's Creek*, by Daphne Du Maurier (Gollancz, 8s.), is the only novel I have read by this author, and it is to be commended to those who like high-powered tushery.

It is about a French pirate who was a perfect gentleman and robbed the rich only to reward the poor. Some of his operations were based on a creek in Cornwall, and here he meets the lovely Lady Dona St. Columb, flying from the tedium of fashionable London life and the odious pursuit of Lord Rockingham.

The two fall in love. Dona goes a-pirating, and finds all the Frenchmen gay and debonnaire, just as all the Englishmen are clods. When she comes home again, her husband and Rockingham are descending upon Cornwall with the intention of seizing the pirate, and Dona in the end contrives a scheme by which this Jean-Benoit Aubéry escapes from prison and fades out of her life.

He was a great lad was Jean-Benoit: a man who loved to draw birds as well as rob merchants, to read Ronsard as well as slit a weasand. He is a fine example of how a gangster can be made to look a hero, and the Lady Dona is a fine example of how deftly a novelist can turn a light woman into a shining heroine. But I've no doubt that the pair, further transfigured by Hollywood, will before long draw buckets of tears to drip into the gallant pirate's buckets of blood.

## SHORTER REVIEWS

AGRICULTURAL policy presents a future offers a wide field for controversy. It is all to the good that people should start thinking about these questions so that what is done in the stress of war-time shall not prejudice a sound policy for the land after the war. Mr. Brian Vesey-Fitzgerald has brought together in *Programme for Agriculture* (Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.) the views of various leading people entitled to express opinions about agricultural policy who would not ordinarily be associated together.

The contributors to this book are Lord Addison, Sir Ralph Glyn, Viscount Lymington, Mr. A. J. Hosier, Mr. A. G. Street, Sir Daniel Hall, Captain R. T. Hinckes and Lord Cranworth. Mr. Hudson, the Minister of Agriculture, has written a foreword in which he points out that while a diversity of authors express a diversity of views about the future of British agriculture, there is agreement on two points—firstly, that we must never again let agriculture fall back into the old neglected ways; secondly, that we must think in the future much more about the soil and ways of conserving it and keeping it healthy and fertile. This is a broad basis for planning a permanent agricultural policy for the country. The three political parties have already expressed their agreement that a healthy and well-balanced agriculture must be an essential part of our national life after the war. How is this agreement to be translated in practice? That is the question to which the contributors to this book have addressed themselves. They are all themselves more or less directly concerned with agriculture and it should not be difficult

to evolve an agreed policy among those who know the land. The much more difficult problem will be to get agreement among those who know nothing about the land, that adequate measures shall be taken to ensure that the agricultural land of this small island is used to the best national advantage. Much depends on the man in the street. The future of agriculture cannot be permanently secured until the people of this country are determined that never again shall this, the most primary of our national assets, be allowed to languish under the blight of indifference and neglect. If this book gets into the hands of those who live in the towns and if it convinces them of the value of a live agriculture, Mr. Vesey-Fitzgerald and his collaborators will have rendered the nation valuable service.

### A LOVER OF POLAND

FOR ten years, before the war, Miss Violet Mason knew and loved Poland and the Polish people. In *The Land of the Rainbow* (Minerva, 7s. 6d.) she has written a book full of history, legend, character, experiences of travel, but above all of love. First published in 1933, the book is now brought up to date in a final section called "Eight Years More," which contains many shrewd comments. This, for instance: "Poles are quite willing to acknowledge national faults and to try to overcome them, whereas if someone points out a national fault in the British, we instinctively retort that it is really a virtue or at least not very important." No one can read this book without understanding better and respecting more deeply the nature and courage of the Polish people.

## A Letter from a British Prisoner of War

"I HOPE you will excuse the liberty I take in writing to you. You see, I am without parents, sister or brother, and as far as I know have no relatives in England. From the books and games received here from your Fund I thought perhaps you would not mind me writing to you—it's nice to be able to write to somebody in dear old England and then I would have some hope of receiving a letter or parcel—I haven't had one as yet. Your gifts are much appreciated in this camp and do much to relieve the monotony of prison life."

(STALAG XX A.)

THE above is but one of hundreds of letters we receive from our men shut away in German Prison Camps. To these men our regular parcels of books, games and extra cigarettes—each parcel individually addressed—bring escape from almost incredible monotony. One prisoner writes, "You cannot realise what pleasure reading matter of any kind gives to all of us under these conditions. We pray to God that your work may continue." Another writes, "Books in a place like this are a positive heaven on earth." A third writes, "However long our captivity lasts we shall never forget those at home who have helped to make it endurable."

There are sixty thousand British Prisoners of War, most of whom have been in captivity for a year or more. Until they were captured, these men stood between HITLER and us. To-day by a swing of the pendulum they need OUR help. Please prove to these men that they are not (and never will be) forgotten. Complete and post the form below, sending as generous a donation as you can in the certain knowledge that you will be helping men who need help NOW as never before.

10/- will send a parcel and cigarettes to a prisoner.

£5 will send regular parcels and cigarettes for a year.

£50 will send regular parcels and cigarettes for a year to 10 prisoners.

IMPORTANT: If you are interested in a particular prisoner, please attach to this form a slip of paper giving details. Parcels will then be sent in your name.

To Miss Christine Knowles, O.B.E., Hon. Director, and Lord Aberdare, Chairman.

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# THE London Collections

stress simplicity says **P. JOYCE REYNOLDS**



**S**MALL winter collections are now being shown in the great London dress-making houses. The clothes differ subtly from those of last year; the line is modified, simplified, but nowhere drastically altered. Everything is unostentatious, wearable and becoming. The most striking change is the return of the soot-black town outfit after the orgy of colour of last winter. This is logical, as black makes the best background of all for changing jewellery, hats, belts and bags, all of which are unrationed.

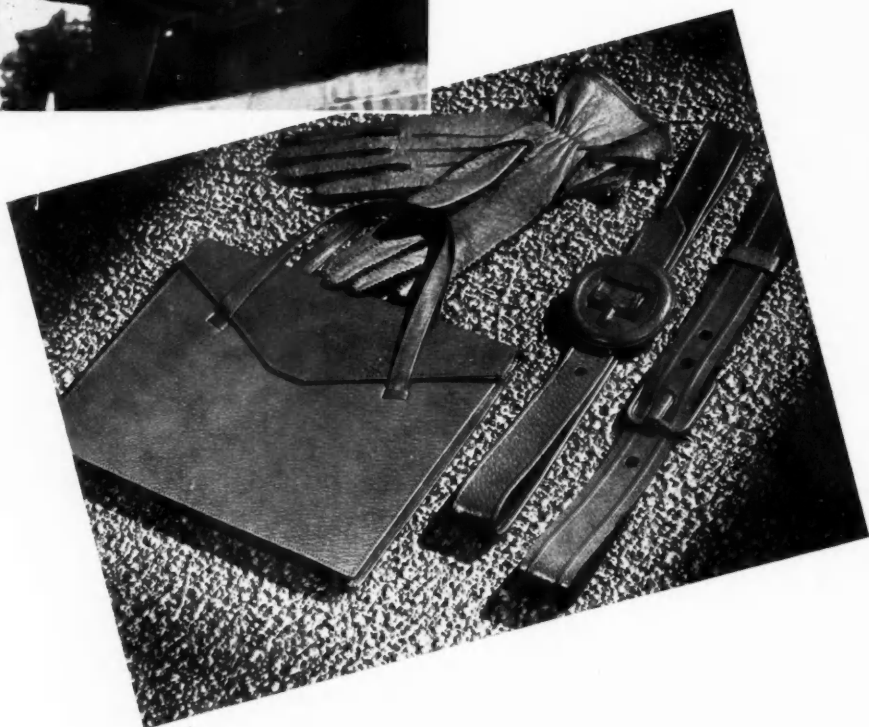
The silhouette is straight, fitted and pliant. Molyneux's lovely collection contains a series of black day frocks, each one brightened by a touch of vivid colour at the throat and wrists. These dresses are absolutely plain, slim as a pencil, generally with cherry or scarlet silk tied in a little knot at the wrist and throat; or have a bright piping picked up by a bright belt. A black woollen dress with tiny bows made of *rouleaux* of the material all the way down the front takes a neat scarlet silk vest inside the collar. Another black afternoon dress has a knot of cherry silk inside silver braid radiating all round the neckline, more braid on the sleeve above a cherry silk wristband. Hemlines are faced with the colour which shows when one walks. Sleeves are bracelet length and straight. Cloth and thick silk dresses and top-coats are moulded to the figure by overlapping, semicircular darts at the waistline so that they fit like a glove.

Coats are tubular, cling to the figure, button down the front, and have flat fur

*The perfect complement to the crimsons, greens, chestnut browns of this winter—pigskin belts, gloves and handbag. Marshall and Snelgrove*

## Boucle Tweed and Velvet

**T**OWN topcoats trimmed with velvet are starred, in all the London shops. These two are both boucle tweed, and have tailored shoulders and velvet collars. Plum velvet pipes the top of the four patch pockets of the plum-coloured coat on the left, which comes from Harvey Nichols, and makes double flaps on each of the four vertical pockets of the chestnut brown coat on the right from Dickins and Jones. Both coats are fitted to the figure and have narrow rolled belts of the tweed.





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high to neck (as sketch) or  
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of ocelot fabric. This may also be obtained  
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brown only. Two sizes.  
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Coat Dept. Ground Floor.

(18 coupons)

**MARSHALL & SNELGROVE**  
OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1

The two pigskin bags from Revelation are both large enough to take night things as well as the ordinary handbag necessities.

One is of the portmanteau type with a fastening at the top. The other has rolled handles.



collars and cuffs. These collars and cuffs are tailored like material. Several coats are all-black, but perhaps the most elegant of all is in dark clerical grey cheviot tweed banded with nutria. The other line which is outstanding in the Molyneux collection is the short box jacket, absolutely straight and collarless, which he has revived with brilliant success. There are two scarlets, one lined black cloth and one lined black broadtail with broadtail revers, both shown over tubular black frocks. A honey beige hip-length jacket is lined with black and has a small black Persian lamb collar and large round fur buttons. Another in crushed strawberry cloth, rounded at the bottom, has a flat tuck making a double edge all the way round. Molyneux gives it rough pottery buttons. A black braided box jacket was lined with silk the exact colour of chamois leather. All the fabrics for these coats were smooth broadcloths. They were hip-length, plain, and tailored to a T. A dinner dress by Molyneux in black crepe is entirely accordian pleated, the skirt in three tiers. Another has a turquoise tunic, a plain ankle-length black skirt, and a hip-length black coat.

**H**ARTNELL'S woollen day dresses are outstanding. He either cuts them with radiating sections on the bodice and a stitched, sun-ray pleated skirt, or makes a dropped shoulder-line with a rounded padded yoke that runs over the top of the sleeve. Box pleats go all round from the yoke to the hem, and are left unstitched below the knee. Flower porcelain buttons appear at this house. Sleeves are generally bracelet length. Hartnell has dropped his necklines to the becoming "short V" reminiscent of the open-necked shirt, so popular five or six years ago. Black is strongly featured for day. Colours, when used, are gay, violet, carnation reds, pansy blues, emerald green.

Hartnell dinner dresses are a riot of colour—a turquoise blue crepe is encrusted with Parma violet embroidery and given a turquoise woollen jacket with a deep embroidered bar, accenting the dropped shoulder yoke. Another turquoise crepe is embroidered with lacquer red and the tight hemline slit at one side, the slit being faced with the red. Short-sleeved, ankle-length black dinner dresses have circular yokes of turquoise or glittering strass.

Madame Mosca, designing her first collection for Jacqmar, shows a new shoulder line that is a compromise between the one with the dropped shoulder yoke and the tailored. She slopes the padding very slightly, so that while there is no hint of a rounded curve or a dropped shoulder, there is a very gentle slope downwards. Her padding is like a man's, and the coats fit the figure. Tweeds are either flecked or herringbone, and take deep, semi-circular set-in pockets below the waist. Town coats have breastplates encrusted with flat fur. Madame Mosca is showing lots of cherry, turquoise and deep violet blues. For her afternoon and dinner frocks she drapes the material

round the figure, gauging it to a centre seam in front as far as the knee, where it forms a cascade of drapery to the hem. The material is cut to make a fichu that just covers the top of the arms. This line is extremely slimming, and very new, keeps the tubular silhouette intact, but the drapery at the front breaks the severity of the line. These frocks are being made in black and aubergine lace, in chiffon, and soft crepes. Dinner dresses are in vivid-coloured thin woollens; one aquamarine with a cherry cape has two large pockets below the waist ending in a fringe which swings to the ankle. Another in begonia pink has embroidery on the tailored shirt top.

The dinner dresses throughout all the collections are ankle length, moulded to the figure, generally with short sleeves and round necks, embroidered lavishly over the shoulders. But even among the dinner dresses the dead black rule holds. At Hartnell's there is a black tucked velvet with a plain tunic and sheath skirt. Pearls are being worn again over the plain necks of these black dinner dresses and day frocks. Three-strand necklaces are the most fashionable, and the clip is worn on the left shoulder so that it shows from the front. These clips are large like old-fashioned Victorian brooches.



## Blurred Plaid

**C**OUNTRY coats are strictly tailored, as this one from Aquascutum, which is called Bodmin. This is in a thick fleecy tweed in blurred tones of rust and green, with a double-breasted fastening in front, mannish revers, and a half belt at the back. With it is worn Scott's wide-brimmed Lincoln green felt with a rust-red quill.



“COUNTRY LIFE” CROSSWORD

No. 610

SOLUTION to No. 609

The winner of this crossword, the clues of which appeared in the issue of September 26, will be announced next week

|   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |
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| U | R | R |   |   | L | P | S | N |   |   |   |   |   |
| R | E | T | A | I | L | S | L | I | P | S | H | O |   |
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| R | I | D | D | L | E | G | R | I | D | I | R | O |   |

A prize of books to the value of two guineas, drawn from those published by COUNTRY LIFE, will be awarded for the first correct solution to this puzzle opened in this office. Solutions should be addressed (in a closed envelope) “Crossword No. 610, COUNTRY LIFE, 2-10, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2,” and must reach this office not later than the first post on the morning of Thursday, October 9, 1941.

The Winner of Crossword No. 608 is  
The Rev. Owen Williams, Bisham, Berks.

ACROSS.

1. Fruit for Old Bill, by the sound of it (two words, 7, 4)
9. Anagram of 12 across (5)
10. Mr. Sheepshanks's favourite dish? (three words, 3, 2, 6)
11. It provides me with the article, as a writer might say (5)
12. Anagram of 15 across (two words, 2, 3)
15. Anagram of 19 across (5)
17. River implement (3)
18. To assist in this way sounds like a gamble (4)
19. Anagram of 23 across (5)
21. Avoid (5)
22. Soldier, sailor, pilot: which will he be? (5)
23. “And for many a day old Tubal Cain  
Sat brooding on his way,  
And his hand forbore to — the ore,” — C. Mackay (5)
26. An egg is more substantially than a ghost (4)
27. “I — to thee, my country—all earthly things above.” — C. Spring Rice (3)
28. The sense of beauty (5)
30. With a full cargo (5)
33. The Primitives often painted on it (5)
35. Pacific islands named after a King of Spain (11)

36. Elimelech's wife (5)
37. The lame man's-way into the City? (11)

DOWN.

2. Anagram of 9 across (5)
3. “The prisoner leaps to — his chains.” — J. Watts (5)
4. A Cockney might think this battle was a game (4)
5. The Italians painted them, the cherubs (5)
6. They may mean a wrench for those who have to pay them (5)
7. Like spirits out of their cases (11)
8. It's all show (11)
12. “Letting line” (anagr.) (11)
13. It meant freedom from slavery in ancient Italy (11)
14. Stories gathered out of slate (5)
15. Part of 12 across encountered again (3)
16. Beginning of 32 (3)
20. Not a happy expression (5)
24. Bird of the past (3)
25. Hardly an appropriate name for one who lived in the morning of time? (3)
28. It's often the talk of the day (5)
29. Flower which is also a tree (5)
31. Copying, but not like a copycat (5)
32. The river at last for leave (5)
34. A stone, my friend (4)

“COUNTRY LIFE” CROSSWORD No. 610

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|    |    | 37 |    |    |    |    |    |

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